



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ3 Copyright No.

Shelf . A721P

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PZ 3
.A721P

COPYRIGHTED, 1889, BY
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE AND IN UNIFORM.

CHAPTER I.

IT hung on a wooden peg over the table at which we sat. It was a common, shiny black cloth knapsack with leather straps, by which it could be borne upon the shoulders, riveted to it. It was of the sort issued to troops by the State instead of the General Government. That is, it was more neatly made, more showy and bright, and had neatly rolled straps on top, in which the blanket or overcoat could be carried as in a traveling-strap; and over and above the general smartness of the knapsack itself, it had nicely lettered upon it, in square white letters, "*No. 42 Cadogan, Co. H, 35th Reg. State Vols.*"

In my military career, how many thousands of such knapsacks I had seen brought from State capitals and as yet unsoiled by Southern mud, or rendered shapeless by long marches under drenched forest leaves and dripping skies. How many other thousands I had seen at Perryville, Stone River, and Chickamauga, with the varnish and shine gone, and the straps cut by bullet or shrapnel, and the letters

dimmed by the red clay of Kentucky or of Tennessee. I stopped for a moment, with knife and fork poised, and looked up at the shining knapsack. Then I looked across at the aged face of my host, and remarked:

"You had a son in the Union Army."

"I never had a son," he said.

"I beg pardon; but by the knapsack, and it seems to have all its contents intact, and the blanket yet rolled on top, I thought some relative had used it," I said, in an apologetic tone.

"I know not what may be in it," said the old man with a sigh.

"Know not what may be in it?" I repeated after him. "That is strange; how long has it been here?"

"Since the summer of 1863," he said. "Read the name on it. My name is Mallon. When Cadogan died, he requested me to hang the knapsack up here and never open it."

"And it has hung right there since 1863!" I ejaculated.

"And will hang right there, unopened and undisturbed, as long as I live," continued my host.

I attempted to resume my meal, but my eyes involuntarily turned to the sagging knapsack and the neatly rolled blanket which yet retained the form which hands now seven years motionless in the grave had given it. At the lower corner might be seen a portion of the blue skirt of a dress-coat, while the centre protruded in square spots as shaped by books or portfolios.

"Was he a stranger to you?" I asked.

"I knew him only three months, while the Union troops were here at Triune, but I loved him as if he

had been my son," said the old man, in a tremulous voice.

The daughter of my host, who was the magnet that had drawn me to his house, arose at this moment and, with a murmured apology, left the table and the room.

I felt that my inquisitiveness had become disagreeable to the old man and his daughter, and with a blush of regret I resumed my meal in silence. My host contemplated me silently a moment, and then said:

"There are many about here who will give you their version of the story; so it is better I should tell it you in my own way. It is somewhat strange and sad, and concerns me closely. When you have satisfied your hunger, we will light our pipes and walk over the plantation, and I will tell you all I know of Cado-gan and his knapsack which has excited your curiosity. But understand me, Mr. Travis, I am not capable of telling you all the mysteries of this passing strange story, for I lack the education; I lack words and facility of expression to delineate mental phases which you should be cognizant of, to make the story comprehensible. If you yourself have read of the progress made in psychical research, you can mentally supply to the narrative what I fail in telling."

Hastily rising from the table, I followed Mr. Mallon out into the beautiful autumn sunshine of a Middle Tennessee afternoon. In no part of our country does the scenery and atmosphere so blend into perfection and so woo the senses as does the marvelous autumn-time on the high table-lands of this most favored spot. The rich, spongy sable soil, underlaid by limestone rock, forever free from malaria, and the springs of

water trickling from rocky ledges; the swelling uplands bathed in sunshine for unbroken weeks, or silvered by moon or starlight in the intervening nights, where forests murmur in untouched freedom—this is the Italy of America.

“This is his tomb.”

The old man had stopped before a door of grated iron-work set into a framework of stone against a hill. Evidently it was a small cave, like many abounding in that region. Heavily padlocked and rusted, the door had long remained unopened. The old man stood before it with uncovered head.

“Is it a family vault?” I asked.

“No, sir; no one is buried here but Cadogan and she,” he said.

“Cadogan and she?” I repeated. “Who is the—a lady?”

“That is the story,” said the old man. “I am to tell you that. But now let us look back for a moment at the hills yonder. See that thread-like mark along the ridge? Seven years ago it was a line of breastworks and swarming with blue-coated men. Do you see, yonder, some white boards in a row? There are buried Confederate cavalry killed in a skirmish with Brownlow’s East Tennesseans. That long, straggling street with scattering houses is the hamlet, or village, of Triune. Fix these localities in your mind, for here the events occurred which make up my story.”

I looked across the valley toward the purple hills, and away northward where I knew Nashville, the capital, lay, and then looked into the seamed and careworn face of Mr. Mallon. My host was an erect, stalwart man of sixty years. His white hair hung

down upon his shoulders, and he was clothed in the yellow jeans of the Tennessee farmer. Only a few years before, he would have been called one of that despised class—a poor white. But Tennessee was on that border-line where could be seen the arrogant slave-holder side by side with an independent laboring-man, or mechanic, who claimed as proud a position as the idle owner of servile help. Here, in Tennessee, the Northern wave of enterprise and labor spent itself in a frothing edge of tall yeomen who loved freedom; and here the encroaching Southern wave of idle opulence met and mingled with the new civilization, until Union Tennessee regiments faced on the field, Southern armies made up of Confederate Tennesseans, and neighbors shot into neighbor's breasts, and greeted foemen with familiar names as they sank in death. I had met Mr. Mallon as I followed the chain of the surveyor over his farm, and having sat at his table, had learned to esteem him. The oak forests were soon to thrill with the rattle and roar of railway trains. An era of enterprise was to follow the rude crash and rumble of war, and as an engineer, I had climbed over grass-grown fortifications and driven the grade-stakes beside many graves of the late war. But the magnet which exerted the greatest influence upon me in the little village was the only daughter of my host, Lucy Mallon. Myself a middle-aged man, there was something peculiarly attractive to me in her ripened beauty of twenty-seven years. Women arm themselves with charms as does the soldier with weapons. Unwise the footman who shall sneer at the sabre or carbine of the horseman. Foolish the artilleryman in scarlet cord who shall jeer the yellow braid of the engineers. They are arms of one common ser-

vice. The charms of women are as potent and diversified. There are eyes of jet, brows of black, and lithe forms which stir the blood with admiration. There are blonde curls, languishing eyes of azure, and slender forms that inspire love. There are slender forms, sylph-like and gliding, that entice and win with willowy motion. They are arms of the common service. Lucy Mallon instantly took possession of strongly masculine hearts. What was her secret of power? You have seen the exuberant woman—tall, grand, very fair, and naturally easy and graceful, with that full, not fleshy form which undulates as it moves; with that complexion suggestive of warmth and softness, a cheek against which, with no impulse of passion, you would desire to lay your own; with that round, soft form suggestive of a gentle but strenuous embrace; purity gleaming from a large, clear blue eye, and unstudied and easy friendliness in the warm, soft clasp of a white, dimpled hand. Such a one shall calmly sway the rod over masculine hearts, and reign a queen among her followers down to gray hairs and age.

Here, then, for a time, worshipping silently, I waited. Here I listened to the strange story which follows. Under the slowly fading leaves of that wondrous autumn during the long golden days, or evenings beneath the bare beams of the broad, home-like room, I listened, I worshipped, I pondered, and heard the story of the knapsack.

CHAPTER II.

THE SOLDIER.

ROSECRANS had with the Western Army won the victory of Stone River, and was now recruiting his shattered regiments and dismantled wagon-trains for an aggressive campaign into East Tennessee, as wonderful as Hannibal's invasion of Italy. The Union forces, in pressing on southward, had Louisville, Ky., as their first depot of supplies and point of departure. The success of their arms had carried them across one State, and now Nashville, Tenn., was the new depot. To understand the value of General Rosecran's movement in American history, you must understand that the next base below Nashville must be Chattanooga, and if the war should continue long enough, then another southward step would be to Atlanta, Ga., and the inevitable march to the sea. In the sequence of events put the strategy of Rosecrans in its proper place in the above plan, and Stone River, Chickamauga, and Chattanooga shall be gems in the military crown of a much-underrated man. When future students shall con America's military history and see an army of sixty thousand men, with their military supplies, their pontoons, and artillery, swarming over the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee in the face of an alert foe, their inquiries will lead them to the name of Rosecrans. The true Napoleonic mind was here. The *elan* of the army was raised and inspired by the giving of ribbon-badges, and in every regiment was a select corps of trained marksmen. When the Fourteenth Corps stood with

the "Rock of Chickamauga," how many remembered the superior condition of the army which came from Rosecrans's wonderful preparation for the dread day? But generals were too often commanded by newspaper clamor, and what was called a defeat at Chickamauga was found to be the initiative of certain victory, two months later, at Chattanooga.

In the early spring of '63, the divisions of the Western Army were placed in camps of instruction on the turnpike roads spreading, fan-like, out of the City of Nashville. Murfreesboro, Triune, Franklin, were the radiating camps which defended Nashville while the work of forming an invading army went on. The "pikes," the great, wide, beautiful roads were called in the vernacular. The glory of Middle Tennessee, they were the arteries of trade before the coming of the railway. Along one of these broad, white highways moved a division of the army on a certain damp, foggy day in March, 1863. The drummers had their drums slung over their shoulders, and moved in a miserable muddy squad at the heads of the regiments. The most of them were mere boys, and the trousers issued to them by a paternal Government had been made for men. In an emergency of this kind, some rude tailor in the regiment had cut off the superfluous legs of the trousers, leaving the original delta of cloth a wide waste of blue above the abbreviated legs. Poor little fellows! the white mud of the worn pikes had spattered the outlandish garments clear up to the border of the jacket. The regiments were slouching along at rout step, filling the wide pike, moving along the smooth ditches near the fences, and in some cases choosing the smooth greensward beyond the fences. Some of the men

were smoking. Guns were carried at will—under the arm at reverse, across the shoulder hanging by the strap, over the shoulder at a hunter's poise, or in the hand at a trail. These were old regiments. Two years of steady service had made them mere machines. Some of these men had made history at Mill Springs, Perryville, Shiloh, Stone River. They had nothing to learn. They had diplomas of completed education in military affairs. The officer at the head of the column turns on his horse and makes a gesture with his hand. The squad of drummers falls into line, the drums strike against the left knee, and as the left foot strikes the ground, a dexterous touch of the sticks evokes a long roll, and then the steady cadence of marking time. As, in chemistry, a cloudy mass of liquid is precipitated and settles itself, leaving a crystal liquid, when a drop of some powerful acid is poured into it; so, without a word, the files form, the guns are brought to a uniform slant, officers take their places beside their companies, the color-guard forms around the colors, and in one minute a disordered mass becomes a long, undulating serpent of blue, with serrated back of writhing steel. Now a mile of swaying men swing in cadence with the drums.

"Halt—front!"

The drums cease, and the long line, in two ranks, stand side by side in the road.

"Four paces to the rear—march!"

The pike is empty, and now a rattling, rumbling, clattering sound approaches. It is a battery going to the front. Cannoneers cling to the iron guard-rails of the caissons, and postilions stand up in their stirrups and lash the galloping horses. Whiz—they are gone! Listen a moment, now, down the road.

Boom!

Aha! an answer, too; and now a shell bursts amid a cloud of dirt, just ahead there, and an ambulance, with yellow flag flying, hurries to the front.

Boom—boom!

Two of our guns, that was. No answer. No infantry ordered up. What was it? That is all the private soldier knows of a battle. Here and there a soldier, who is used to skirmishes and is impatient, has lighted his pipe and smokes leaning on his musket. Bah, this is nothing! The battery comes back with the cannoneers laughing on their perches, the postilions leaning forward stroking their sweating horses. One cannoneer has a handkerchief, stained with blood, tied across his forehead. He would not take a golden badge for that bloody rag. He is the honored man in McKinney's First Ohio Light.

"What was it, boys?"—from the infantry.

"The Johnnies had a camp on the Harpeth River. Two guns. We run them out"—from the wounded artillerist.

"Bully for you! Where are they camping, ahead there?" they asked.

"Right by a little village. Triune they call it; almost in sight"—and the battery goes on.

Rout step again. The regiments fall into an irregular line, and move on according to their own sweet will. File left, and they turn into a noble open forest beside the pike. A broad valley all about them. In the distance a village. Arms are stacked and a permanent camp laid out. Our story has to do with two of these soldiers. Cadogan, our hero, was a slender man, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. The striking features about him were his eyes

and mustache. His eyes were of a dark, penetrating blue, and deeply sunken. His long, drooping mustache was jet black, and hung below his chin. The contrast of the eyes and mustache was startling. His face was pale, and had a studious expression. His shoulders had a student stoop. I may as well say here that no one ever knew his previous history. How came such men in the army? Who will ever know? I once heard, at Fort Wallace, a Regular Army officer lamenting that he could secure no officer competent to get out an architect's plan for a new stone fort. A private soldier stepped up, and asked for draughting-paper, a case of instruments, and a sketch of the desired building. It stands to-day a monument of his ability. He was a graduate of the best German universities, and was a private soldier in the cavalry. Cadogan was such a man. Who would he select for his bunk-mate? We might rashly conclude that he would find no congenial companion. What has been your own experience? We admire in others traits which we do not possess. The antipodes balance the world. Slender, refined, exquisitely refined, he drifted into the loyal care and love of Sam Campbell. Sam was six feet two, according to his descriptive papers; red hair and beard; weight one hundred and eighty pounds. His uniform had to be let out, to fit his capacious form. He never read a book. He hated philosophy, but he loved Cadogan. Now he stood with his hands on his hips, and stared down angrily at Cadogan, who had lighted his pipe, pulled out a book, and was sitting on a stump reading. Then he said:

“Say, Cadogan, are you going to help put up this tent, or not?”

The reader looked up pleasantly, fixed his calm eyes on Campbell, and said :

“What does it matter?”

“By thunder, old man, it matters a good deal. Are you going to sit there in the fog and frost and read all night?” and Sam hitched up his voluminous trousers spasmodically.

“Tents, Sam, and camp-fires and rations, are only the accessories of life. They are not, and should not be, the chief end of man. This body is a tent ; so is the world, so is the universe. What, then, is real, Sam ?—mind, my boy, only mind. The crowd wears out its life fussing with the tent. The real man lives in thought, and he only exists,” and Cadogan leaned back and smoked contentedly.

“Cadogan,” said Sam, impressively, “I really believe, if it were not for me, you would roll up in a blanket and sleep beside that stump, and get up to-morrow morning with icicles on your mustache.”

“Sam, my noble Caliban, have I not done so a hundred times in the last year? Famine affects me not. Heat and cold are indifferent to me. I live superior to this world. Man is a superior creation, and no law should control him. You know I believe this, Sam. This is not rant.” He arose and approached Sam excitedly. “Have you ever seen a law before which I bowed? I am not boasting, but did you ever see me fear? Did cold or hunger ever make me suffer?”

“No, by George! Cadogan, I never saw you back down or turn aside for anything. I wish you were more human, old man. I wish you cared more for common things and would come down out of the skies. You know I love you, but I dread that awful,

cold-blooded theosophy you study so much ; and mark me, Cadogan, what you think elevates you nearer to the secret laws of God, in my opinion, only draws you down nearer to earth. God never made man to be invulnerable to all common hurts and miseries. It is a dream, my boy. Your regimen of food, your study of mental phenomena, as you call them, all is a delusion. I am going to preach a little now. I love your superior mind, but you are morbid. Take this axiom, old chap: Man needed water, and God put it everywhere handy for him; man needed a religion, and it has been made just as simple and easy of access as water. Your dreams will ruin you, Cadogan."

As Sam talked, Cadogan looked calmly in his eyes and smiled. When he ceased to talk, a curious change took place. His eyes still fixed upon his slender companion, he drew slowly near until his great hands rested on Cadogan's shoulders ; they slipped down and embraced the slender body, then Cadogan said:

"Put up the tent, my boy. I will go and get some wood for the evening meal."

He turned to walk away when Sam called after him:

"Here comes the sergeant with our mail. We have had none before in a week."

Cadogan stopped, but did not turn back, and said :

"Where is that letter of mine from?"

"Calcutta, India, and it is covered with strange postmarks and stamps. Is it a love-letter, Cadogan?" asked Sam.

"You may open it and read it," said Cadogan, smilingly.

"May I? Here goes, then. Well, I'm blamed if I think any one need steal your letters. It looks as if

it were written with the head of a shingle-nail," said Sam.

"There are only three men besides myself in the United States who can read that letter. It is written in a language which has been dead four thousand years. Put it in your pocket until I come back, Sam," and Cadogan walked slowly away.

CHAPTER III.

THE DREAMER.

A JANGLING of chains, a snorting of excited horses, a loud shouting, arrested the attention of Cadogan as he sauntered thoughtfully down the valley toward the highway. Pipe in mouth, he stopped in front of the battery of artillery connected with the brigade. As he stood there he saw a crowd of men fall back from the picket-rope, along which the horses of the battery were tied.

"Look out there, he is loose !"

"What is it?" asked Cadogan.

"A horse has killed his groom, and strikes at every one who approaches him. The brigadier-general has ordered him shot, and one of the men has gone to get a musket," said a voluble little postilion, as he ran back toward our hero. Cadogan sighed as he turned and walked toward the picket-rope. A wide circle of excited men had formed around the frenzied animal. Some of the men were talking excitedly, some were calmly smoking, and all were watching the maddened steed with deep interest. He was the centre of the wondering group. He was a handsome

bay, in fine condition, and he stood now with raised head and beautifully arched neck, while his hot breath came in swift puffs upon the March air. Cadogan read the story as easily as if it had been printed at large. A man was lying in front of the desperate horse, with a bruised and bleeding face. His hat was crushed beneath the horse's stamping and uneasy feet, while close beside the picket-rope, where it had evidently fallen in the contest, lay one of those hickory sticks which are used in baling hay. Cadogan read the whole story at a glance—the abuse, the resentment, and finally the sudden and awful vengeance of the enraged animal.

“Here comes the general,” said the men, and they respectfully made room in the circle for the commanding officer to enter and look on the strange scene.

“Why does not some one pick up that man and care for him?” the officer asked.

“That hoss will kill any man that comes near him,” said the little postilion.

“Well,” said the general, “I have a man here with a musket, and he will shoot the horse; but it is too bad—he is a noble beast.”

Cadogan approached with a salute, saying :

“General, I will go and bring away the wounded man, and put the halter again on the maddened horse.”

The thoughtful eye, the white, careworn face, and drooping mustache struck the attention of the general instantly, and he said, kindly : “Who are you?”

“Cadogan, Company H, Thirty-fifth, sir,” he answered.

“Do you know something of horses?” the general asked.

"I know something of all God's creatures which live and suffer," said the soldier.

"Let me see you approach the horse, but be sure you understand yourself," said the general.

The assembled crowd, which had anticipated the brutal sight of the shooting of the beautiful but crazed animal, were astonished and breathless when they saw a slender young man enter the ring, unarmed, and resolutely approach the horse. The eyes of the steed blazed anew, and some thought the mane erected itself with excess of anger as he contemplated the approach of another enemy. The soldier approached to within a rod of the maddened beast, then he stopped, folded his arms, and commenced an almost inaudible, weird, crooning song. The horse reared on his hind feet, and came toward the slender antagonist with head high in air, then dropped down so suddenly that the iron-bound hoofs of his fore feet cut the turf within a few feet of Cadogan. Unceasingly the crooning song went on. The horse grew moody and sad, and moved in a circle around the singer. The sounds grew softer and softer, and the singer moved slowly toward the broken halter and the picket-rope. The horse followed. Then, with bowed head, the singer stood a moment, and the horse came to his place and the halter was adjusted. But now the halter is untied and tossed loosely on the back of the steed, while the soldier walks away toward the general, with the horse following, like a spaniel, at his heels.

"He is a good horse, general ; you will not shoot him ?" said Cadogan.

The general made no answer, but stood silently contemplating the soldier. At last he said :

"Come to my tent at three o'clock this afternoon ; I wish to talk with you," and then he turned and walked away.

"Say, young man," said the captain commanding the battery, "I will give you a hundred dollars if you will tell me how to do that trick."

"Captain," said Cadogan, respectfully, "I could not tell you for a million dollars. It has taken me a life-time to learn it. It is no trick ; it is power. I will give you a hint, though. Have you not heard men say of an intelligent horse, 'he understands talk'? Well, you demand more of the horse than you can accord to him in return. You ask him to learn your language, while you cannot understand the language of your horse. Study on this, and you will be on the road to the control of dumb servants who yet have a language. This horse had been abused by a drunken groom. He is the most intelligent horse in the battery. The groom, yonder, who struck the horse unjustly, is not dead ; he is in a drunken stupor," and relighting his pipe, Cadogan resumed his walk.

When at three o'clock Cadogan entered, cap in hand, the tent of the general, he found him sitting at his desk, gazing abstractedly at a small piece of paper lying before him. He looked up and said : "With a guard before my tent-door, it would be childish for me to ask if you had been in here before to-day."

"Yes, general," said Cadogan ; "and for a man who had been a student of the unseen forces of nature, it would be more than childish to look for trickery among the Brothers."

The general looked down at the paper before him a moment, and then handed it to Cadogan. In a hurried hand was written on it :

"I will be there at the hour. *Cadogan.*"

"That I have found among my troops an adept, is to me a marvel and a pleasure," said the general, in a slow, respectful tone; "and to find that you have discovered in me a devotee of the occult is wonderful, as I supposed not a person in the United States knew of my studies, commenced late in life. To-day, when I saw your marvelous control of a brute, I knew I was in the presence of one who, though a private among my troops, was in reality a master of men. Though young, you have traveled far in advance of older students."

"I have paid the price," said our hero, with a sigh.

"I," said the general, "have been, like tardy school-boys, laggard on the road of knowledge. I have toyed with wisdom until it found me too shallow and superficial to become its confidant, while you have gone on devoting all to her love, and she has become your mistress and friend."

"I have paid the price," Cadogan said again.

"What is the price?" said the general, with asperity.

"The curbing of the appetites until nature, cowed down, a slave, grovels at the feet of will. Hunger is forgotten, while the flesh is radiant with the aureole of spirit-fires within. Sleep is forgotten, while the couch of leaves in the forest suggests no torpor, while the eager ear gathers the notes of night-birds until the master spirit woos the owl to a perch upon the outstretched hand, and the whip-poor-will trills its cry into my ear from its resting-place on my shoulder. The secret of the massing of the locusts is learned, and they cover me as a shroud. I become a brother to the rugged felines of the jungle, and their cubs disport about my feet. I am, again, the primi-

tive Adam of allegory, and the inferior creations of God lick my hand and take their names from me. In the nineteenth Christian century, by cleansing and abstinence, man is again a little lower only than the angels of God. I have paid the price," said Cadogan, again.

"And it is not a dream," said the general, softly.

"If it be a dream that a palace lies beyond, when a beggar touches the heavy doors of a king's home, then it is a dream that man enjoys when he becomes a ruler of nature's forces, that beyond lies immortality and eternal peace. It is no dream, general. The eye which faints and wearies at the dim haze of distance should reach the stars. The ear which strains to catch distant music should hear the waters lap against the reeds of Ceylon, and the hand which transcribes a thought at arm's length should spell its meaning on snowy sheets a thousand miles away. Man should be again like his Maker. Even death and life should be the slaves of imperial man. The heart should beat at man's behest, or slow its currents down to sluggish tides through waiting years. The soul should come forth from the chrysalis body and soar away on glad errands, and come back unwearied to its home again. I see you grow pale. I run on too rapidly for the slow feet of the neophyte. Ah, you call me young, but how know you my age? How can you tell if I have not sat in councils of kings before the Pyramids were built? Life goes on in stages. I may have lurked beside the street when Coriolanus coveted an offered crown. I may have heard Hannibal exhort his troops in Italy, and yet I am now a common soldier in a republican army. Do I move too fast for you, general?"

“No,” said the general, “I have dreamed all this ; and yet, Cadogan, I am fearful at times that our teachings are but dreams, and that the simple faith of the Nazarene were best. Ah, if these mighty powers, vouchsafed to the adept in occult lore, be but common manifestations of an unrevealed natural law and have naught to do with the immortal soul ! I will be your pupil, Cadogan. You are my master, but beware lest it all be a dream.”

A look of pain crossed Cadogan’s face, and then he turned his eyes fixedly on the roof of the tent. Presently he smiled, and there dropped from the roof of the tent a rose dripping with dew. The general reverently took it up, pressed it to his lips, and then, as he took Cadogan’s hand, said : “It cannot be a dream. I will go with you on into life’s future. Hold my hand.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOVER.

THE damp, raw days of March had passed away, and April had come with its swelling buds and opening leaves, and the camp at Triune had assumed all the appearance of a city of tents. The long, straight streets were cleanly swept each morning, and the dividing avenues between regiments or brigades had become smooth highways. The sutlers had erected permanent stores, and groups of contented soldiers stood about them, trading, smoking and chatting. Squads of drummer-boys were led reluctantly away by the grizzled old drum-major to a re-

tired spot up the valley, where for two hours they were to learn and practice the mysteries of the perididdle, flam, and drag beats. The morning drill was over, with the exception of squads of recruits, which were led by drill-sergeants to open places in the grove, and were there put through the facings, or



“YOU WILL REPORT AT HEADQUARTERS IN A HALF HOUR.”

for hours beat the ground with their feet, to the monotonous calls of *Right! Left! and Mark time—March!*

The officers were congregated beneath the trees, smoking and reading the daily papers. Such was the camp of instruction at Triune in 1863.

“Cadogan,” said Campbell, “you will report at headquarters, completely equipped, in a half hour,

to do provost duty at a house about a mile from here."

Cadogan knocked the ashes from his pipe, put it in his pocket, and turned to throw his property into his knapsack.

"It is a soft job," said Campbell, "just to sit on the front piazza and keep stragglers from marauding on the premises. If the people like you, you will be asked to sit at the table and dine with the family. You can stand your musket in a corner and read all day. I will come out and see you every day."

"Thank you," said Cadogan, as he opened his cartridge box and counted his supply of cartridges.

"And," said Campbell, with emphasis, "the mistress of the plantation is the handsomest young woman you ever saw. I wish I had your detail."

"Won't the orderly-sergeant change it and send you out?" asked Cadogan, as he stopped his preparations for a moment.

"What a muff you are, Cadogan!" said Campbell, with a laugh. "You are the handsomest fellow in the company, and yet you never speak to a girl. I tell you, old man, I had a crying spell when we left Galatin. There was one of the nicest little girls there, and I am going to hunt her up, after this cruel war is over, and take her North with me."

Cadogan was busy, now, stowing his rations into his haversack and, seemingly, heard nothing Campbell was saying. With a snort of anger, Campbell went out and left him.

The Johnson estate was situated about a mile south of Triune, and was a grand property. A hint, at least, might be seen now of what it had been before the war. The big house, as it was called, was a noble structure,

and a typical Southern home. Long, low, and rambling, but commodious, it stood on a commanding hill in the centre of the estate. It was surrounded by verandas, and we might imagine how its hospitable open doors and chair-covered piazzas looked in ante-bellum days. At the rear were long rows of whitewashed and well-kept negro cabins. But planting was not the vocation of its owner. Even at that time the hundreds of acres of rich pastures were dotted with choice stock, not yet driven off by friends or foes. The slaves were the drivers and feeders of the yearlings, two-year-olds, and brood mares which were famous all over Tennessee. The aged planter was dead, the son was with Buckner in the Confederate Army and Addie Johnson, the young mistress, was managing the estate alone.

"You will make yourself at home here," said the corporal to Cadogan. "See that property is not interfered with, report any marauding, and do not leave the grounds. You need not stand on guard, only keep your musket in sight, sleep on the veranda nights and wait further orders."

As the corporal turned to go back to camp, Cadogan looked about him to take in the situation. Then he leaned his musket against the edge of the veranda, filled his pipe, took a book from his knapsack, and fell to reading.

Gradually the sun sank, and the heavy whirring of the buzzards, as they gathered in flocks and narrowed into solid groups while they drew near the forest back of the house, attracted the reader's momentary attention. Then the dusk came on, and he heard the cries and laughter of the dusky little slave children as they gathered into the cabins. He tried to read a moment

longer, but the sudden April nightfall baffled his eyes, and he was about to replace the book in his knapsack when he heard a rich, deep, feminine voice say :

“Ah, Robert, you run too many risks. It is only a mile to camp, and the Federals would give a good deal to capture a Confederate colonel.”

“Sister, this is my home. I hungered for another sight of the old house. I wondered how you could be able to manage the estate in our absence. I should have come had I known I should risk my life. Are you safe, so near a camp of the Yankees? I am sure they owe us no good will, and I have been apprehensive.”

“Why, Robert, I have received only kind treatment from the Yankees, as you call them. Even to-day I asked for a guard, and one is promised to me, to remain on duty while the army is here.”

“Lucky,” said the masculine voice, “that he has not been sent yet, or I might not get back to Columbia to-morrow.”

Then the voices died away, and Cadogan sat quiet as the night grew darker and darker. No one ever knew his thoughts and conclusions, but he did not sleep that night. He sat and listened to the call of night-birds and the sighing of the wind. When the stir of nature told him that a new day was dawning, he heard also the occasional jingle of a sabre, carefully carried in hand, or the stumbling of a careless foot against an unseen stone, and he knew a cordon of cavalry was being stationed about the house. Softly he crossed the veranda and knocked on the window where he had heard the voices. The window was gently raised, and a feminine voice asked:

“Who is there?”

"I am the guard you requested. I am on duty here since last evening. Wake up your brother, Colonel Johnson, and tell him to come here instantly. Ask no questions, but send him here."

"Colonel Johnson is not here——" she began

"Madam, the house is surrounded with cavalry waiting for daylight to arrest him. He cannot escape. Now, send him to me and I will save him."

"I am here already. I heard your voices. I am also armed. Now, my fine fellow, what do you want?" said a masculine voice in the darkness.

"Colonel," said Cadogan, "the house is surrounded. Speak low and answer my questions honestly, if you wish to live. Are you here as a spy?"

"I am not," answered the voice.

"Have you secured any information to carry away which may inure to the injury of our army?" asked Cadogan.

"Honestly, I have not. I am here to visit my sister. She was alone, and I yearned to see my home and her once more," said the colonel.

"Then step out here on the veranda," said Cadogan. "Take off your uniform, roll it up, and put it in my knapsack. Take from the knapsack my dress uniform and put it on, cap and all. Now take my gun and walk down to the gate, and challenge the first soldier you meet. You are Campbell of Company H, Thirty-fifth, and are out here with Cadogan of the same company, who lies asleep on the veranda. Go on, quick!"

Cadogan lay down, and was soon apparently asleep with the knapsack under his head. He soon heard a challenge, a whispered conversation, and the rustling of a hundred feet as they closed up around the house.

Pretty soon he felt a prod of a sabre, and sprang up, saying:

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here, asleep, and a rebel colonel in the house?" said an officer.

"Somebody has been lying to you, I guess," said Cadogan, yawning. "I have been on guard here since four o'clock last night, and I have seen no colonels going into the house."

"It was a —— nigger who told you, anyway, wasn't it, cap?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, but they are generally straight," he answered. "But how comes two of you on post here, anyway?"

"Campbell was put on, and I came down to visit with him," said Cadogan.

"You are a suspicious-looking chap, anyway, and you will have to go to camp and show yourself straight," said the angry officer.

"All right," said Cadogan, as he took up and shouldered his knapsack.

"Did you find anyone?" asked the captain of a sergeant who had searched the house.

"Not a soul; only Miss Johnson and her colored girls," said the angry sergeant.

"It's a cursed pretty how-d'ye-do. Up all night and nothing to show for it. I've got through following up nigger yarns. Here, I'll take your name and you need not go back to camp with us. Cadogan, eh! Well, all right. Fall in, men," and the captain lit a cigar; then, as they filed out of the gate, he said to the tall soldier with the musket: "You are all right and attending to business. What's your name? Yes, Campbell. I'll report you all right."

The stalwart colonel saluted the captain, and stood

with shouldered musket. Cadogan stood dreamily watching the rising sun until the cavalry contingent had galloped off down the pike. Then the Confederate took off the blue cap, bowed, and said:

"Sir, I wish to thank you in terms such as one gentleman should use toward another, but I cannot. I can only say, God bless you, and trust I may sometime have the power to pay a tithe of my debt."

Cadogan did not hear him. He stood in a trance of admiration, and said:

"Can we blame the Persians for making a deity of the grandest object God ever put in nature—the sun? Is not all life derived from the sun, from the blade of grass up to man? See the world awake silently. No call is heard, but millions of forms of life stir at the sun-god's call."

The colonel looked on the rapt face, and reaching out his hand, touched the enthusiast. He collected himself and turned with a smile.

"You did not hear my words; will you understand this?" and the rebel officer folded the slight form of Cadogan in his arms.

"Yes," said he, "I understand. I was your Providence. Change the garments back and bid your sister farewell. This will not end the search." Then he turned to the veranda and was soon plunged in deep study over a book he drew from his pocket. When the demands of hunger drew his attention, he said, in soliloquy:

"I am disturbed in thought. I am not at my mental poise. It will take me many days to get back where I was in mastery of emotion. I saw no one in the dark, yonder, but I heard a voice—a mellow, rich, vibrating voice—and I am not now the philosopher."

CHAPTER V.

TRAMMELS.

“YOU are an interested reader,” said Miss Johnson, as she stopped in the path beside a tall tree where Cadogan sat reading. A week had passed, and the sun was now warming the earth with almost summer heat. Cadogan arose and brought his hand to his cap in salute. In the other hand he held that companion of all his leisure hours—a book. He said, in a weary tone:

“Yes, I am interested when I discover a new book. It has for me all the interest of outcropping gold to the eager miner. I may find a vast treasure or only a meagre deposit, but until I have read the new book I live on expectation. This is Herbert Spencer.”

“Then,” said his questioner, “may I ask if you feel rich after your mining, or have you dug for nothing?”

“A beautiful song gains by repetition, and though I find nothing new, I am paid for reading,” and he looked lovingly at the volume.

“You speak very patronizingly of such a deep work, especially for so young a man,” said the lady, with a smile.

“The search through literature for some new statement of man’s condition or future is like the child’s search at the end of the rainbow for buried treasures. We never reach the end of the rainbow—possibly the truth is there,” and Cadogan sighed.

“I beg pardon if I seem rude, Mr. Cadogan; but is it not strange that a man of your peculiar tastes and acquirements should be a common soldier, doing the

servile duties of the camp?" and in spite of her guarded tone a tremulous cadence in her voice revealed that a more than ordinary interest dictated her question.

Cadogan for the first time withdrew his dreamy eyes from the contemplation of the distant forest-line, and looked her full in the face; then his gaze fell until it rested on one slender foot, with which she patted the ground.

Possibly no handsome woman has ever been regarded in the same way by a remarkably handsome man. It was the steady, critical look of a philosopher at some new and wonderful species of animal. No admiration gleamed in the slumbrous depths of the blue eyes. No hurried breath parted the chiseled lips beneath the drooping mustache. The ivory cheek was as pallid and calm as if the eyes were conning a complicated sentence in his Spencer.

Seldom had man, however, gazed unmoved on such beauty. Slender and graceful as the reeds along her native streams, with an eye of midnight blackness, and brown cheeks through which a tinge of rose shone as light shines through porcelain; willowy in motion, as a spray bending before the wind, and with every muscle springy as steel from fifteen years of daily horseback riding, Addie Johnson, with her white teeth and crimson lips, stood with one gloved hand swinging her riding whip, and smilingly waited for an answer. Cadogan sighed as he raised his eyes, and said:

"Excuse me, madam. No, it is not strange. My individuality is not changed by my subservience in the army. I am one of a million pawns moved in a game where victory means the advance of all mankind."

A hot flush of anger reddened Addie's cheek as she answered:

"Victory to your army means the crushing of the finest civilization the world has ever seen. Look around you. Look over the broad acres of this swelling upland. Look at my home, here. Five hundred guests have met here on this lawn and in these broad rooms, while a hundred servants obeyed their lightest wish. These trees and flowers about us have nodded and swayed to the cadence of sweetest music and the rhythmic beat of human feet in merry dance. Who is dissatisfied with this luxurious civilization? Northern Puritans, thick-headed toilers at trades, utilitarian and cold-blooded fanatics," and she panted in her excitement.

Cadogan was again dreaming, but he said, like one talking in his sleep:

"Yes, it is like the gossamer threads clinging to forest-leaves, or the sea-anemones complaining at the rising tides. Civilization would sleep at the silver margin of the sea, but the swelling waves drench the startled sleepers. It was a beautiful civilization, but I saw the robe woven that she wore. There was blood in its dyes and degradation in every fibre. Yonder, beyond the swelling acres, I see the hut of the poor white—more awful his degradation than the chains on the slave. Yes, there was music, but it drowned the hoarse note of agony, and while you reveled there was another Euphrates turned from its course, and while you drank from golden cups fate was knocking at the door of your palace."

Addie's crimson lower lip curled with anger, while she raised her tiny riding-whip to strike an angry blow. Cadogan was still looking far away, and said:

"But I see a new shore-line far up the strand of the years. I see this country, vast and strong, still the asylum for the weary of all God's earth. Her millions doubled and trebled of wise and educated and enterprising men; the stone hewn out of the mountain filling the whole earth. And then cometh the time when the spiritual reign will begin, the time of which I dream, when appetite and passion and love shall be the slaves, and not the rulers."

Slowly the hand holding the whip fell at her side, and she repeated: "And love?"

"Yes, even love," and he drew down his eyes until again, in dreamy scrutiny, they rested on the regal form, the swelling bust, the soft, dark eyes, and at last they stopped contentedly at the beating foot. Then he said, as in soliloquy: "What is love? Would it woo the song-bird from the clouds and sunshine, from its odorous home in the forest, and shut it in a golden cage until its life is beaten out against the bars? Would it pluck the flower from excess of love, and kiss it until it withers? Is that love? Ay, as the sun woos the dew, as the north wind woos the flower, that is human love."

"But if love comes unbidden?" said Addie, in a low tone.

"Then lock the door upon it; serve it like all unbidden guests," and Cadogan raised his eyes, and with a child-like gaze searched the dark depths of her beautiful eyes. Then he said: "Lady, I will speak with no desire to offend. May I speak?"

She nodded, and the bloom grew deeper on her cheek.

"I could find it in my heart to lay my life at your feet, to ask that I might carry with me the thought

that out of all the millions of earth you were the one who understood me; but I dare not love—I dare not ask a woman's love. Like planets in their orbits, for a moment we are steadied by mutual attractions, and then swing on into new magnetic influences and ever-widening orbits. You will understand me when I say that one touch of your hand would draw me from a life-work, one deep look into your eyes would blind my eyes to the studies of a score of years. Have I offended? If so, strike me—I will not cower."

"You are a strange man," she said.

"Am I? Why should I be deemed so strange? Is it strange for a man to live a life with but one purpose—to seek to penetrate the mysteries of his existence? To be again the Adam of allegory, with a warning from the tree of knowledge of good and evil? To listen everywhere for the voice that spake in the cool of the day? To stifle every cry of nature? To strangle a new-born love, to curb even manly anger or vengeance, and seek a perfect control of the machinery of life? Ah, pity me, lady; I do not ask for love."

The hands of the beautiful woman were clasped now in intense curiosity, and she asked, in a strained voice:

"But are all your attainments worth the sacrifice?"

High and sonorous came his answer:

"Was it a lie when Saturn said they should be as gods? But then, what shall come to him who tastes not the tree? Will he not come into the secrets of futurity? Will he not feel the throes of change in Nature's bosom and talk with hidden forces? Forgive me; your voice troubled me in the night and I could not sleep. Do not speak to me again. It will

be better for us both," and he turned away and sought his musket. He raised it to his shoulder and walked along the garden-path.

"One moment, Cadogan," she said.

He halted and came back, but his eyes did not encounter hers.

"Cadogan," she said, lashing the tender, springing flowers beside the path with her whip, "I would not be so foolish as to call one unmanly who risked his life to save my brother."

"It was nothing," he said.

"To me it was everything," she said. "I will not be unwomanly, but while I thank you and reverence a type of manhood I have never known before, let me ask, may not a woman walk those calm heights you describe?"

A new light came into Cadogan's eyes, and he said:

"If ever we stand again upon a plane of sympathy, I shall come to you and you will come to me. I am now only the soldier. Farewell."

"Put that gun to your shoulder and salute when you see a superior officer approaching," said a maudlin voice. Cadogan knew the voice. It was that of Captain Woodson of his regiment. He was drunk now, and very rigid in his discipline.

One curse of the service in a volunteer army was the strange fortune of war which often put some ignorant brute into a commission and left some brilliant, educated men in the ranks. How soon some coarse, vulgar wretches would find the sensitive natures in their command and gall them with bitter insults which they dared not resent! Here was the contrast: Captain Woodson and Cadogan. Woodson had been a journeyman tailor at home, and much

sitting on the tailor's bench had made him fat and ungainly. Army whisky and officer's rations had increased his bulk. Here in the presence of a lady was a chance to show his importance. His sandy hair was cropped short, but his red whiskers shone in a bright glory around his coarse face. He saw that Cadogan had obeyed him, and that Miss Johnson stood spell-bound.

"*Present—arms!* That's all right. *Shoulder—arms!* That's pretty good. Now stand here until I come back," and the drunken brute stalked on toward the house.

From the lowest animals to the highest man, the male resents an insult in the presence of a female companion. The game-cock and the knight in his tournament find inspiration in female eyes. To say that Cadogan did not feel the insult would make him less than man, but his philosophy conquered and he was soon sunken in reverie. Miss Johnson walked along at the side of the truculent officer, and he said, in a boasting tone:

"We have to keep these soldiers in their places."

"Indeed," said Addie, "if the officers had been kept in their places, we should not have had to fight so many."

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said the captain.

"Why, for instance, tailors and cobblers who hold commissions instead of a goose or lapstone," and Addie smiled.

"By Jove! madam, you had better be careful, or your protection will be withdrawn and you will need some of these officers you scorn now," and the captain's face turned as red as his whiskers.

With woman's instinct she made a good guess, and said:

"I have taken a stitch in time and have a guard, you see."

"I see you are determined to insult me," said the captain, "and I will call again when you are better-natured," and he turned and strode down the path. In his drunken anger he stopped to annoy the soldier who was in his power. "Why don't you present arms when you see me coming?"

"You do not wear the sash of the officer of the day, and I am not supposed to present arms to you," said Cadogan.

"Teach me, will you!" said the brute, and he raised his sword and scabbard and struck Cadogan full in the face.

"Coward!" hissed a woman's voice in his ear, as Cadogan fell insensible to the ground. Then the little whip whisked through the air and left a hot, red ridge across the bloated face. A shower of blows followed, and he turned, and, with curses, ran down into the high-road. Now the whip was dropped, and the woman nature returned. The bleeding face was lifted to her bosom, and she screamed for her women to come and assist her, as she moaned: "It is my fate. I love him—I love him."

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOODOO.

AMONG the more gracious features of the better days of American slavery there stand out prominently in my memory the isolated cabins of the better

sort of slaves. The rows of whitewashed huts were the accessories of the institution only on the larger plantations, and even then the more trusty or aged servants had reared, somewhere near the big house, some small log-houses with pretensions to individuality in architectural design or outside adornment or location. I call up some pleasant pictures of such isolated and quaint residences, and I cannot stifle a sigh of regret for a vanished scene with such lovable features. With hundreds or thousands of acres to choose from, it would be strange if the big house were not admirably located. Some pleasant "run," or brook, ran close by the premises ; or if the house stood on an elevation, then in the little hollow below it there was a silvery, ever-flowing spring of water, clear as crystal, cold as if the flat Tennessee limestone were a glacier of Alpine ice over which it flowed. In this hollow might also be seen the spring-house, pride of some dusky Dinah's heart, and special aim of the hungry and marauding soldier. Here, above the purling waters, on commodious shelves reposed the crocks of sweet, cold milk, and here in brown jars were the "pats" of yellow butter, and often the cold meats or jars of preserves stood waiting for coming meals at the big house. Hollowed out of the flat rock was a capacious spring, and on its sandy marge the ready gourd, to assuage the thirst of any, or to dip up water for the kitchen. No artist's imagination has ever put on canvas fairer scenes than nature and circumstances had made real in the palmy days of Middle Tennessee. At that time the primeval forest came unbroken up to the line of cultivated fields. The scream of the steam-whistle and shriek of the buzz-saw were as yet unheard in the land.

Timber was only something to be cleared off and burned, and hundreds of giant trees were girdled and left standing to rot down, while waving fields of wheat grew between the dead forest monarchs. Nature was a Samson not to be soon controlled, but might be bound when her locks of profuse growth were sheared. Profusion of vitality, masses of verdure, clambering vines, and mighty trees were the indications on every hand of the boundless plenty waiting to be gathered by any hand.

In the case of the Johnson estate the forest came up unbroken nearly to the big house. Giant oaks and gums, as startling in their grandeur as those De Soto looked upon, stood waving their foliage in hearing of the house—a vast repository of wealth, to be gathered by a more practical race a few years hence. Along the stream stood odorous cedars, used only for rails about broad fields. A brawling tributary of the Harpeth ran down past the house and disappeared in the forest. On the steep bank of this stream stood one of those picturesque huts which, however poor, have the wondrous power of appealing to our love of the beautiful. Built of rough logs, and having only one door and window, yet beneath the window showing the bank of gaudy flowers and the white deal bench and water-pail and gourd. At the window a white curtain, and inside the open door the ends of the white, well-scoured floor-boards. A pathway down the steep bank to the stream, where a plank, sunken in the earth, made a staging on which to stand and dip the bucket into the silvery stream. Minnows turned up their silvery sides in the sunlight, and nibbled sportively at the white edge of the plank.

Leaning against the jamb of the open door stood

the queen of this Arcadian scene. Tall and spare, with features almost Caucasian in regularity, and with just that tint of yellow which marks the quad-roon, she was a remarkable and startling mistress of the scene. Of that race which gives so few signs by which to determine age, she might be an aged yet handsome woman, or possibly still comparatively young. There was about her none of the coarse habiliments which marked the slave, no evidences of squalid poverty or wearing toil. She stood erect, gazing dreamily on the shimmering air of the warm springtime ; but she evidently hears an approaching step, and the form grows more erect, and a harsh, commanding expression settles upon her face, as if she expects to greet some troubled and ignorant member of her own race. But a look of curiosity usurps the place of the usual scowl as she listens to the rapid, pattering footfalls so different from the usual slouching steps of her visitors. A swish of rustling skirts is heard, and a beautiful apparition fills the narrow path leading to the big house. With the red cheeks heated by exercise, the rosy lips parted by the hurried breath, and the skirts gathered in hand and carried high, Addie Johnson smiles up into the face of the quad-roon. The lips of the tall woman gather into a look of anger, but she says no word.

“Myra, I have never been down here since I was a little girl. I thought I would come down and see your home.”

Silently the quadroon turned and led the way into her cabin, and placed a chair for her guest.

“Myra,” she said again, “we have always been kind to you, and as father bade us do we have done. Since you came to us with the hands we bought in New

Orleans, we have never sent you to the fields, and you have been queen on the estate."

"Yes, missus," said Myra, with a look of curiosity.

"Why father was so kind to you, I do not know, but we have obeyed his orders. Perhaps he thought there was some real power in your horrid voodoo worship."

"Perhaps," said the rigid woman.

"How long ago did you come on the place, Myra?" questioned Addie.

"Twenty-five years ago."

"And were you queen then?"

"Always," said Myra, proudly. "I was born queen. My mother was queen. I am of a royal race."

"We have always been kind to you, Myra?"

"Yes," said the slave, and she peered curiously into her young mistress's face.

"Is there anything in those charms and superstitions which the hands believe in, Myra?" and the beautiful face grew eager.

"Yes, missus. There is the control of the ignorant race to which I belong. There is the power over every colored person about the country. I could send a flame of fire over the rich plantations about me, or at a word I could calm the shrieking demons into slaves at my feet. You do not seem startled at my speech. I am not like the cattle who toil about me. I was educated and reared with my master's family, and read the same books with my young mistress."

"How could you remain a slave, then, Myra?"

"How could I be anything else with this skin, with these tell-tale waving tresses? Ha, ha! Miss Addie, the world can see a dark skin, but cannot see a white heart."

"God knows I am sorry, Myra, and I wish I might set you in your proper place in the world."

"It is coming," said Myra, and the enthusiasm of the pythoiness swelled her breast; "it is coming and near at hand."

"And so there is nothing in the voodoo charms, only the control of the superstitious?" said Addie.

"Who said so? Is there not deadly danger in my hatred? Can I not undo evil or set fast the chains of hate? Can I not bind hearts in love and bring back wandering affections? But, missus, the white folks laugh at us. They do not believe in the God of the negro," and Myra sank back in her chair.

"I came, Myra, to ask if your charms had power, or were only to astonish the credulity of the field-hands?"

"You could not stand the sight of a work," said Myra; "you come only out of curiosity, to see the show."

"I am in trouble, and I came half believing in your 'work,' as you call it. I am afraid of nothing," and Addie drew herself up proudly.

"You wish a work?" and Myra arose, and with a sinuous motion and warily as a serpent she glided across the floor. She commenced a monotonous, dirge-like song in her native creole dialect, as she approached a stand of drawers in a distant corner of the room. She took up in her hand a small box adorned with tinkling silver bells. Shaking this in her hand, she sang more loudly and approached her young mistress. As she came close she thrust her hand into the box, and the sharp, rasping buzz which is erroneously called the rattling of the rattlesnake arose within the box. An involuntary scream came from Addie as she

saw Myra draw from the open box a glittering serpent. It writhed about her arm, the rasping note of attack mingling with the tinkling of the bells and the droning song. Its tongue flew in and out like forked



“SEE, MYRA, I WORSHIP YOUR AWFUL POWER. I CREEP TO YOU
ON MY KNEES AND BEG FOR LOVE.”

lightning, and with a laugh Myra held it so near her face that its acrid, musky breath must have touched her cheek. Then in a mad dance she swayed about the room. Louder and wilder grew her song, and Addie crouched lower and lower in her chair. Now

the serpent was twined about the shapely neck of the voodoo woman, and its fiery eyes were beside her own; and the jingling bells, mad song, and wild dance made a hellish compound of noise which sickened the terrified girl. The features of the pythoness grew rigid and the eyes set, as the cadence grew slower and slower and the voice husky. At last the serpent is plunged into the box and hastily covered. The box is placed in the centre of the floor, and with a shriek the voodoo worshipper steps upon it, and says, hurriedly:

"Speak now, and I will answer."

"I love, Myra, I love!" cried the terrified girl.

"It is the curse and the boon of our sex. What would you have?"

"I would be loved in return," the girl cried.

"Two hearts must be broken. You cannot love and bless; you must carry misery to another heart. I bid you stay," said the strident voice.

"I must have love, Myra; if in your demon incantations there is a charm for love, give it me," said Addie, in hurried accents.

"I see only misery in that love. Oh, beware, beware!" and the almost breathless woman sighed.

"I care not. Mine is unlike common love. See, Myra, I worship your awful power. I creep to you on my knees and beg for love. One draught of such love as I can give and receive, and then let me die," and the wretched girl crept forward on her knees to the erect oracle.

"It must be so. You will not turn away into quiet nooks of regret and cherish a secret love. Here, then, take and conceal it about the garments of the loved one. Speak no word to him. Put not yourself in his

path nor obtrude yourself upon him at any time. He shall seek you. When the moon is high and the stars clear, and the blossoms of midsummer scent the heavy midnight air, he shall come. Across streams, over mountains, weary miles or merry walks, he shall come; but drink deep of the sweet draught, for summer heats shall dry the streams. I am done," and she drew a little packet from her bosom and dropped it at her feet.

The delirium had passed, and the mad devotee staggered to her couch and fell into a heavy sleep. Addie drew from her pocket a coin of gold, dropped it upon the table, and hurriedly picked up the packet from the floor. As she did so she touched the silver bells upon the box, and she was greeted with a languid hiss and heard the rustling of the snake within. Shuddering, she fled through the open door, and muttered, with blanched lips:

"It may be true. It may be true. Others believe in the horrid incantation, and I will reach the calm heart of the philosopher with a human love at last."

The exhausted sleeper on the bed turned, her long arms were cast abroad upon the bed, and she muttered in her heavy sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

AN EXPERIMENT.

"**H**ARD at it yet, I see," was the loud and cheery greeting of Campbell, as he, with a comrade, walked up the avenue of the Johnson estate, a week later. Campbell's companion was a tall, fair-haired

youth of a pallid complexion, who had left his college, as did many others, to enter the volunteer army. He, like Cadogan, loved the big robust soldier, and seemed to draw vitality from his superfluous stores of strength. Cadogan looked up from his book and greeted his comrades with a smile.

"How did you get that crack on the forehead?" asked Campbell, noticing the blue wound made by Captain Woodson's sword.

"Army discipline," answered Cadogan, with more bitterness than he usually allowed himself in speech.

"Has Woodson been out here?" asked Simmons, the slim youth.

"You have guessed it," answered Cadogan.

"Drunk, as usual, probably," said Simmons, with a sneer. "He knows who to strike, too. If he ever mistakes a common man for a philosopher, he will get more discipline than he bargains for. I am not afraid of his striking Campbell when he is drunk."

"No, he never will," said Campbell, dryly. "But he seems to understand our prophet and seer, Cadogan, and knows his principles will not allow him to become angry or retaliate. Say, Cadogan, what kind of a religious menagerie do you belong to, any way? Simmons and I will sit down and smoke, while you give us the programme that you are performing on."

"Boys," said Cadogan, very thoughtfully, "I know you mean well, and have only put on that outward roughness to conform to army life. I would as lief have you know my views as not, and the more as I sometimes think I shall soon end my career in the army. My last experience has shown me how frail a tenure I hold life on at best. Will you give me your candid and careful attention for a few moments?"

"We will, Cadogan," both said.

"Well, then, I am the forerunner in this country of a coming army of men who shall seek to determine man's connection with the Infinite. They will elevate man's spiritual nature until mortality will merge into immortality without the chasm of death and the grave. Does it seem improbable?"

"It is a dream," said Campbell, with a shrug.

"Exactly; and dreams are the pictures of what has occurred, or may occur, in real life," said Cadogan. "Dreams are isolated experiences, without precedent or continuation, nevertheless actual experiences. So, if man dreams of perfect control of natural forces and ultimate ripening into eternal existence, the dream has a promise of fulfillment."

"How far has man ever traveled that road?" asked Simmons, curiously.

"Throwing aside myth and legend, we find hints and reliable data for believing that in all ages there have been men who have stood on the confines of immortal existence. In some ages they have been called prophets, in some ages seers, and in some ages the highest title of all, teachers. Among the Hebrews, Abraham; among the Chinese, Confucius; among the Persians, Zoroaster; among the East Indians, Buddha."

"And Christ?" asked Simmons, in a reverent voice.

"I dare not class Him among men," said Cadogan.

"And you think men may, in this age, tread on the same undefined shores?" asked Campbell.

"I believe that from age to age there has been stored up the accumulating knowledge of these mysteries," cried Cadogan, with enthusiasm. "My life, since I became a thoughtful youth, has been given to

searching out these stores of knowledge. I have been able to decipher the secrets of sarcophagi. I have reverently turned the leaves of worn Coptic books or scrolls. I have handled the musty parchments of rabbins and the papyri and tablets of India. I have caught the jargon of fakirs and the droning of Kurdish priests. Nay, I have sat at the feet of the Buddhistic cave-teachers and been enrolled among the adepts. From the ravings of the voodoo priests of Africa to the ravings of modern Christian scientists, I have studied and pondered them all."

"And what have you learned?" asked Campbell.

"I have learned to enlarge the soul until it permeates the flesh as light irradiates the senseless glass. I have learned to control every emotion until the heart can almost stop its rhythmic beat, and hunger or pain or lust dare not assert a claim. I stand almost where the garment of flesh may be laid aside as a worn mantle, and the naked spirit sport amid its kindred ether. I have paid the price of knowledge, and I tell you this, that when my test comes you may recall my words."

"Is not this in the line of spiritualism or clairvoyance?" Simmons asked, curiously.

Cadogan smiled and said:

"What you call spiritualism, or more properly spiritism, is as a child's toy compared to an ocean steamer. Spiritism is toying with a natural law, as Franklin first brought down electricity. Spiritism is not final, it is only one of a thousand phenomena in nature not understood of the vulgar. Spiritism never gave a fact to the world. It has no more to reveal of immortality than a horseshoe magnet has of the change of seasons. It is only a marvel for the igno-

rant, as a watch might be to a South Sea Islander. Buddhism changed the ethics of a continent, Confucius gave laws to millions, and Christ gave light to the whole world. Theosophy, if I am right, will prove man a child of Divinity."

"And clairvoyance?" queried Simmons.

"Clairvoyance, as much of it as is real, is an extension of faculties. You may hear sounds at a few rods' distance; another, a mile away. He of the acute hearing performs no miracle. One may see near by, and another discern objects five miles away; yet no miracle. One apprehends his neighbor's thought by his countenance, another by sympathy reads an unseen and unspoken thought. Spiritism, clairvoyance, mesmerism, are the A B C's of scientific and esoteric study," and Cadogan sighed.

"Still, you believe them real?" said Simmons.

"Yes," said Cadogan; "and useful as a demonstration of natural laws. None of them touch the fact of immortality."

"Could you show the phenomenon of all these cults?" asked Simmons.

"Any of them you wish," said Cadogan. "Now and here, if you wish. Children will play with all of them in schools in fifty years. Will you allow me, Simmons, to throw you into the hypnotic state? You are particularly susceptible, I should judge by your temperament."

"If you wish," said Simmons; "and I will give up immediately to your control. I never was afraid of these mysterious laws."

"Very good," said Cadogan; "look now attentively into my eyes, and with these few passes, which are really only used to attract and fix your attention, for

my will is all that operates upon your will, I will now put you to sleep."

Slowly the eyes of the subject closed and the head sank on the breast.

"Now," said Cadogan, "we will go along this road southward. What do you see?"

"Only the ford across the river," said the sepulchral voice of the sleeper.

"We will cross the ford and go along the road. What now?"

"A cross-road running to the right."

"Very good; let us run down this road."

"Stop!" said the sleeper.

"What is it?" asked Cadogan.

"Troops," whispered the sleeper; "Rebel troops. Hist! I will lie down and watch them. Long regiments; old battle-stained flags. Hold on, here's the regimental flag—Third Louisiana. Here's a battery of artillery. The men are laughing. Talking of a surprise at Franklin to-morrow morning," and Simmons stopped speaking.

"Go on," said Cadogan; "run along by the regiments and count the flags and the batteries, and see if there is any cavalry."

"One, two, three regiments, a battery, a squadron of cavalry," said the panting, dreamy voice.

"Run up ahead now," said Cadogan, "and tell me what kind of a looking man is leading the forces."

"Big, black-bearded, handsome man. I am tired," said Simmons.

"Very good; now we will awaken. So, a touch on the forehead here, and a pass there," said Cadogan, "and now, how do you like clairvoyance?"

"I am awfully tired," said Simmons.

"Do you remember anything you saw in your sleep?" asked Cadogan.

"Not a thing," said Simmons, as he smothered a yawn.

"You would hardly believe you have traveled twelve miles and back in twelve minutes?" said Cadogan.

"Not much."

"Well, you have, and you have given as perfect a specimen of control as I ever saw."

"And in regard to what he talked about," asked Campbell—"is that all a dream?"

"General Forrest is moving on Franklin with three thousand men, and it will be surprised to-morrow morning at sunrise unless we can throw in troops to re-enforce them to-night. Hurry to camp and tell the general to relieve me, as I wish to see him," said Cadogan, in an excited tone.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT MARCH.

IF a spy had been in the camp of instruction at Triune on the evening of that pleasant April day, he would have smiled to himself and inwardly congratulated himself on the apparent mystification of the Union forces. They were evidently expecting that most uncommon of all military events—a night attack. The regiments were all fully equipped even to haversack and canteen, and the cartridge-boxes, by their bulging appearance, contained the usual forty

rounds of ammunition. The regimental colors were carried in their silken case at the centre of every regiment, and the long line of infantry stood at ease leaning on their rifles. McKinney's battery was all alive. The horses were harnessed and stood eating their grain out of their nose-bags, while the cannon-eers were lying on the grass beside their beautiful brass pieces, with their priming and lanyard-bags beside them. The postilions stood gravely beside their horses, smoking and watching their contented steeds munch their corn. Evidently the little camp expected an attack at any moment, and the one or more spies whose duty it was to supervise the camp, had chuckled and sneered and sent away the message: "They expect the attack at Triune; you can go ahead at Franklin and fear no re-enforcements from this point." And so it seemed. It grew dark and the men commenced to grumble, and smothered oaths were heard on every hand at the folly of officers who feared a night attack on a fortified camp. But when darkness had fully fallen, a word ran down the line and pipes were emptied not be lighted again, as they would indicate a line of march. And then the word came in a whisper, "*Right face. Forward—march!*" and the men moved off, stumbling in the darkness. At the head of the line, on foot, walked the general, with the slight form of Cadogan at his side.

"You are sure of this attack on Franklin, I trust, Cadogan, for it would be a bad thing for me to report otherwise."

"I will stake my life upon it. I will walk by your side, and if I do not prove it, shoot me down," said Cadogan, in a low tone,

“And this twelve-mile march across country, without roads or guides—do you think we can reach Franklin before daylight?” asked the general, anxiously.

“You should know, general, that one of the easiest things of acquisition to our fellow-students is this gift of direction. I shall be led directly to the besieged camp. If there are impassable streams between here and there we shall fail; otherwise by fording streams, climbing hills, and clambering over fences and logs we shall reach Franklin before the morning light.”

“I am satisfied, and on your success in this adventure I will base my trust in the future. But I feel rain-drops on my face,” said the general; “and in addition to Cimmerian darkness we are to have a storm.” The general turned and said, in a low tone, to an aid, “Tell the men to touch the file ahead and depend only on that. No spoken orders will be given.”

A flash of lightning irradiated the forest about them and was reflected on a thousand shining wet leaves, and for an instant a thousand white faces were lighted up, and a thousand attitudes of grotesque and strange carefulness were photographed on the mind by the wide-open, staring pupils of the eyes; mouths distended by difficult and hard breathing; eyes staring in fear, and on some faces the momentary gleam of a smile, as some soldier recounted a humorous story to some laughing comrade. Then darkness and the rumbling thunder. Blue electric gleams played along the thicket of bayonets, and as the ground shook beneath the terrible concussion every step was palsied, and for an instant after only the pattering of the rain

on rubber *poncho* and dripping leaf could be heard. The little army was on the point of going into a panic. Then from Tom Fitch, the Gargantuan of the regiment, came in military command to Heaven's terrible artillery, "*Load, in five motions—load!*"

A long, loud laugh rang through the forest, and the relieving army moved on, the spell of fear broken.

Then from the file in front would come the warning: "Look out, we are stepping down into a stream!" and in a moment would be felt the swirl of a swift and swollen current, swinging the wet garments and lapping in a cold tide against the limbs. Then the slipping, sliding up the muddy banks as the heavy, sodden garments dripped superfluous moisture into the footprints which marked the unctuous soil. Ah! it was a terrible night, and if occasionally a file was decimated, and some fainting soldier fell forgotten and unconscious beside the heavy path, who would know it? The rain would patter into the wide-open, staring eyes, and the wet leaves blow amid the dark, auburn curls or jetty ringlets, and silence dark and dread would lull to sleep when the friendly footsteps had vanished in the distance.

Barefooted, too, some of these plodding soldiers, their torn shoes left sticking in some mud hole or clasped in the quicksand of some stream. Bareheaded some, for the branches had torn away the forage-cap, and in that deadly darkness who would seek so trivial a thing as a cap? Some limped on painful feet, torn by jagged rocks or twisted roots of trees. Twelve miles in pitchy darkness across country without even a bridle-path. Five years of war never gave such another experience, and those who passed through it had added hairs of gray and added wrinkles of care.

But the midnight storm dies away, and the growling demons who ride upon the gale have wearied their steeds, and as they retreat to the west the disappointed fiends grumble in hoarse notes. Now it grows lighter, and steps are quickened and ranks formed, and lowered eyes seek to peer into shadowed faces. Anon the east is discernible, and along upon the right hand of the wearied marchers are seen the sparks blown from the picket-fires of an invading host. Hist! Speak low; they are sleeping, and dreaming of an easy prey at daylight, but do not dream that three thousand stanch but weary foemen are passing so near their place of rest to defeat their hopes. A low challenge is heard, an answer, and an acquiescent "All right," and a moment later they are inside the works. Another moment and the general wishes to give an order, but peers along the line to find his men asleep—some with their limbs in pools of water, some with their heads reposing on a comrade's breast, some with musket yet clutched in their hands and their backs resting against the clay works. As they ceased to move they fell asleep. Utterly worn out, they had moved as a machine, and when the motive power of discipline was withdrawn the moving body sank to rest.

"Poor fellows!" said the general to Cadogan, "they have won, and deserve softer beds."

"Sweeter sleep than theirs is not given to men," said Cadogan, quietly.

"Gentlemen," said the commandant of Franklin, "I cannot understand how you discovered my need. I telegraphed you at midnight, but did not expect relief until to-morrow night. We have in some way been betrayed and our numbers ascertained. In addition,

the enemy appear to know the location of our magazine, and shells have been thrown so accurately as to nearly explode them. But come, before you rest you will breakfast at my tent. General, shall I also invite your soldier-friend here?"—pointing to Cadogan.

"You will please me much by so doing," said the general. "I will say at once that the promptness of your re-enforcement may be attributed to his superior sagacity, and I wish his further advice."

The general bowed to Cadogan's military salute and led the way to his tent. It was a merry party to which they were added at the general's tent. All fear of attack was done away and vanished as the mists arose before the April sun. Surprise had failed, and the sleeping regiments inside the works were a guarantee of safety. Stories of the mad race through the darkness evoked laugh and jest and song, while the soldier-attendants loaded the mess-table with food and drink.

"And here is a guest who will appreciate the prompt relief you brought us," said the commanding officer, as he pointed to a stalwart officer in a major's uniform. "Major Clayton, gentlemen, who has been here for a week on inspection duty from Rosecrans's head-quarters."

"Happy to know you, gentlemen," said the courteous major. "I found the works in splendid condition and the *morale* of the camp in a good and healthy state, and I so reported to General Rosecrans."

"Rather a fine move, too, major, this night march," said the happy commandant.

"Splendid; never a better. And how the Triune people knew your need is a mystery to me," said the major.

"It must have been intuitive," said the command-

ant; "and, by the way, there must have been intuitive knowledge on the part of the enemy also, for they appear to know we have no ammunition for the Robinet battery of 32's, and drop shells into our magazine at the depot as if they had measured the distance with a chain."

"Oh, it is good guessing, no doubt," said the strange major; "but now, gentlemen, let us drink confusion to our country's enemies and success to all patriots."

"We can all drink that without any misgivings," said the general, "for we can define our country as the whole Union, and a patriot as one who loves the whole broad continent."

"Even so," said the buoyant major; "let every man define the toast in his own way."

"Stop!" said a ringing voice, and turning, they saw the slim form of Cadogan erected with excitement. "Stop; please do not add humiliation to accepted treachery. Pour out the wine from your glasses."

"Who is this private soldier who dares to interrupt officers at their meals?" asked the commandant, angrily.

"*Who* I am matters not; *what* I am may mean much. I am a lover of mankind and one who believes this war to be a tidal wave of righteous advancement. I am not even a patriot, for I have no country. General, have out instantly from the tent all men but the commandant, yonder major, and myself," said Cadogan, with determination.

With a motion of his hand the general dismissed the subordinate officers, and then looked inquiringly at his humble follower. Cadogan strode forward, and looking into the major's face, said:

"When it involved only my own life and honor I stood between you and death. Is it so?"

The major paled perceptibly and his whole form shrank with horror, but he made no answer. Cadogan continued, while the awe-struck generals studied his animated face:

“When only my miserable life was at stake, and I saw in you the promptings of a holy affection, I laid my life in the balance and offered it to be the shameful price of your safety. Will you answer me?”

Still no answer, but the lips grew ashen and the eyes seemed to actually recede, while the face grew old with horror. As dying persons clutch and toy with clothing on the couch, so the major's fingers tremulously fretted at the edges of his garments. Cadogan's voice grew stern.

“But my forbearance then involved no principle, it threatened no danger to an army. Not so now. Oh, not so, and you must die at my hand.” He waited for an answer. “You will not speak. You trust in a forged order from General Rosecrans. You trust in your carefully selected uniform, even from stocking to cravat—all is perfect. Fool, why did you forget that on your sword-hilt the hand of affection had inscribed the name of the giver and the name of the brave recipient?”

The major's lips trembled, and his hand involuntarily sought and lifted the sword at his side.

The commandant stepped forward, took the sword, and read aloud from its silver scabbard:

COL. ROBERT JOHNSON,
3D TENN. INFANTRY,
C. S. A.

“Give me your papers, please,” said the commandant, in a low, firm voice.

From the breast-pocket of his coat he drew a bundle of papers and tossed them on the table. They were plans of the works; accurate tables of guns in the works and their calibre, and the names of members of all the regiments in the camps of instruction about Nashville.

Colonel Johnson was a brave man, and said now, in a firm voice:

“You will allow me to write several letters, will you not?”

The commandant nodded his head, and turning to his desk, touched the Morse instrument which communicated with Rosecrans at Murfreesboro. In a moment he sat down and wrote the answer as it ticked off the reply; then, without a word, he handed it to the general, and the general, without a word, handed it to the colonel. It read

“[General Order 56.]

“MURFREESBORO TENN., *April —th*, 1863.

“GENERAL: Drumhead court-martial and execute instantly.
Platoon firing. ROSECRANS.”

“Am I forgiven?” asked Cadogan, as he stood in front of Colonel Johnson.

“Freely,” said the brave man. “It is the fortune of war, and to be shot is a privilege and honor I did not expect. Rosecrans is a gentleman. Farewell.”

When, an hour later, the rolling fire of a platoon sounded across the camp, Cadogan put his hands to his ears and moaned.

CHAPTER IX.

LOST.

“**T**HROW out flankers on each side of the advance at about three hundred paces,” said the general. “We will march in a leisurely manner, and it is possible we may collide with General Forrests’s rear-guard, or run against a squad of guerrillas.”

The detachment from Triune was on its return. The desultory firing and discouraged assault of the rebel troops had ended in a sulky retreat, amid the cheers of the forces at Franklin. To find a besieged fortification re-enforced with a brigade of infantry during the night was such a surprise that the attack was hastily turned into a retreat, and the relieving forces, after a brief rest and the issue of needed shoes and garments, were on their way back to camp—marching at rout step, with muskets carried at all angles and in all ways, slung by the strap or trailed as a hunter would carry them. The general, now mounted, through the courtesy of a brother-officer, rode at the head of his troops with a small but active advance-guard and the little body of flankers of which he had spoken. Smoking a fine cigar and watching the alternations of sun and shade in the beautiful open forest, the general was happy. Songs of birds vied with the whistled notes of the happy soldiers or the rollicking song of some comrade who, in better times, might have charmed an audience of cultivated

listeners with his fine tenor voice. Such a day in April, with Tennessee sunshine and forest odors about one, made the soldier life one of perfect joy. Absence of danger added to the keen pleasure, as a rebound from the anxiety and strain of previous hours. Such a life is always a feast or a famine, a festival or a fight, and this golden day was one of the days of joy. Cadogan was one of the flankers on the right of the little army, and with his half-dozen companions he maintained the required distance from the main body by an occasional view of the long blue line through the trees, or where the brush was too dense for vision he could by sound tell how far away they were. Flanking was difficult duty. To press into almost impenetrable thickets, to climb over rugged hills and sunken logs at break-neck speed and keep up with troops moving along a path in a body, was desperate work, but on the integrity of the flankers depended the safety of the happy main body swinging along three hundred yards away. No ambushade would be possible, and no concealed artillery could send grape and canister through their ranks, if advance-guard and flankers were attentive to duty.

So the day wore on, and already the openings in the forest and the occasional farm-house told the men that they were nearing their own camp at Triune. A song of greeting familiar to all old soldiers in the Fourteenth Army Corps was started. A ridiculous, meaningless song, and yet it was roared out by a thousand voices when returning to camp after Mill Springs battle. It was swelled into a sad wail after Perryville, and it was a chant of misery after Chickamauga. It rolled down the steep sides of Mission Ridge. Now, when almost returned to camp, a voice

away up near the head of the column said, in a strong, resonant tone :

“There was an old fisherman lived up North,”

and a thousand voices howled in response :

“Ring-dang, ring-dang, hoo-de-la-la-da.”

But as the great chorus rolled out, a sharp, tearing volley of musketry stilled the merry voices. It came from the flankers on the right hand of the line. No word of command was spoken, but every soldier dropped into his place as you have seen a chain straighten its links under tension. No man looked to his neighbor, but every man looked to the condition of his musket. Some careful old veterans cocked them, and calmly blew down the muzzle to see if they were clear. Others lifted forward on their hips the cartridge-boxes, ready for action. This is the result of discipline and experience, and nothing else can make a perfect soldier.

The flankers came back toward the main body, falling back from tree to tree, until so near that an officer called out : “Who fired?”

“Bushwhackers,” sententiously responded the old sergeant, as he peered into the forest.

The officer asked, again : “How many?”

“Half a dozen, dismounted, and horses waiting further back,” responded the sergeant.

“Any one hurt?” asked the officer.

“No, I guess not; but say, where’s Cadogan? Did any of you see him after the volley?” cried the sergeant.

The men shook their heads.

“Go back and look for him, and we will send a

company to support you," said the general, who had approached.

After an hour's search and a weary waiting, to inquire down the line if he had come in at some other point, the general was forced to give up the search and march into camp, with the comforting thought that probably Cadogan had already made his way to camp.

But he had not. He had received the bullet of a Spencer carbine fairly in the breast. He had felt the outgush of breath and the awful struggle to once more inhale the expelled air, which follows a wound in the breast. He had felt for just an instant a warm tide of blood run down his breast, then a whirling of the brain, a dropping of the chin, and a clutching at the leaves; and at last blessed forgetfulness, or death, for they are one and the same.

He had been far in advance on the brink of a ravine, peering down into its depths, when the shot struck, and he had pitched forward—slipping, sliding, a dead, inert, sagging mass—until he rested under a bush of cedar, with his feet in the stream and his head in a mass of dead leaves on the margin.

This was a complete specimen of partisan warfare—a coward's shot, a coward's flight—a murder.

Cadogan is on the border-land now. He feels the rising and falling of his feet in the water. He catches the whir of wings in the intense silence. Is he alive or dead?

"It seems des laik dey's gwine to be de disexperience ob fo' right smart fiel'-han's."

It seemed all right to Cadogan that a group of negroes should be passing down the ravine to Triune. Nothing was strange in his present condition.

"Yass; but I un'stan' dat if you gwine folly dem Yankees off you boun' to cook, an' tote water, an' tote all de fryin'-pans fur de sojers."

Another voice took it up.

"Dass wot Cogan's Pete said. You-alls kin git fo' bits an' yo' rations if you dig groun' on de earth-works down to Nashville."

"Huh, 'tain't no use. Dis nigger gwine to 'list in de foot-sojers. Dey been a man up to 'Verne, he say dat we-alls kin git a bounty an' sixteen dollahs a mont'."

"Dass right peert; an' wot did I say?—dey's gwine to be de disexperience ob some vallable fiel'-han's."

And then Cadogan heard the patting familiar in the camps and the sweet, sad refrain, since national in its charms. A voice started in a high key:

"Oh, far'well, me lady,
I kin no longer stay;
I gwine down to Charleston,
All at de broke ob day."

But it stopped suddenly, and the singer ejaculated:
"Fo' de Lawd, look under dat cedar-bush."

"I could sw'ar to dat piece ob work," said another voice. "If Marse Rob Peyton ain' been here den I ain' a sinner."

"Dead as a poun' ob nails," said another, as he peered into the pallid face.

"'N' got a watch," ejaculated another, in a tone of delight, as he loosened the chain and put them both in his own pocket.

"'N' a right peert cap, by hokey!" said the first one, picking it up.

By this time the pockets of the limp and pallid

soldier were turned inside out and his blouse loosened gently from his arms. He was dragged from the stream, and his shoes were taken off. Cadogan found no fault with this, but in a dreamy way he reasoned, that if any of his belongings could make these black strangers happy they were welcome to them; but he heard a sharp cry of dismay and felt that he was instantly left alone. Had his comrades come back and found him? He hoped so, and listened. He heard one awe-struck word: "Voodoo!"

And his shoes were replaced on his feet. His blouse was drawn rapidly over his shoulders. He felt some hand replace his watch in his pocket, and everything as it had been. A gentle hand opened his shirt and placed a bandage on the gaping wound. He dreamily heard the rough voices reverently speak the name of "Miss Myra," and then the pain sent him again into complete unconsciousness. After a time, he did not know how long, he felt cool water poured on his face, and, sick and faint, he dimly remarked to himself on the swaying motion, which indicated that strong arms were bearing him on a litter made of green poles, and in that merciful contentment which nature furnishes to the wounded unto death he listened to the conversation of his bearers.

"'Tain't no use to tek dis man down to de big house. Golly, he git cotched so sry dat he ain' know whar he am."

"Dat true, Sam, an' whar, den, you-alls gwine tek him?"

"We boun' to tek car' on him someways, w'en he got dat wuk ob Miss Myra's on 'im. Mon, I wouldn' leff dat man out in de bresh for a smoke-house full ob money."

"Dass wot I said; 'n' now, wot you gwine do wid 'im?"

"Dar's Hugh Mallon, he is one ob dem low down w'ite trash 'n' doan go in fur de Confederacy. Marse Rob Peyton, he say Mallon was a Union man, an' boun' ter git burned out one ob dese days."

"Ya, ya; it seems ter me des laik dese Union sojers mek demselves at home here an' gwine ter stay, and Marse Rob an' his hoss-sojers got all dey kin do ter keep in de bresh an' git cawn-dodgers enough ter keep deir ribs from raspin' on deir back-bones."

"Hugh Mallon boun' ter keep dis yer chap, an' hide 'im up till he dies or gits well. Less tek 'im ober to de ole man's."

"If we had erbout a pig's eye full ob cawn whisky ter give dis chap. Mon, whar's dat gode wot you had?" And so the loquacious but tender-hearted negroes bore him along. The day was drawing to a close when he awoke for a moment and opened his eyes. He was in a clean, pleasant room, where the setting sun shone in at a western window. He took note of the white curtains lifted by the breeze, the rough joists over his head, the uneven floor, and the cheap prints on the walls. He saw the group of colored men at the door, waiting, caps in hand. He saw the face of an elderly man looking down at him with a look of pity. By a downward glance of his eye he found that he was lying on a bed in a recess of the main room of the log farm-house, with the curtains of calico gathered back at the corners of the bed. This, then, was the house of Hugh Mallon, the poor white who was mistrusted because he owned no slaves and loved the Union. All this passed through

his fevered brain, and he was about to give up all thought, with a sigh, and relinquish himself to sleep, when another step aroused him, and he met the open, fearless gaze of a pair of marvellous blue eyes, moist with pity, fixed upon him. No cry of nervous fear greeted his ears.

Lucy Mallon knew not the meaning of the word nervous. She was the perfect product of that perfect clime. Tall, fair, golden-haired, and white as a lily, her dimpled hand was as strong as a man's. As she bent over the wounded soldier her lips parted with a look of interest, and she laid her hand on his damp, cold forehead and brushed away the clustering ringlets. With a sigh of perfect trust Cadogan sank into sleep. Here was the Eve, fresh from God's hand, to bring into man's life the needed graces to satisfy all his longings.

Woman—the helpmeet, the mother in instinct, the sister in consolation, the realization of Whitman's one immortal sentence :

“The justified mother of men,”

the type to which the race is struggling back, the Jael of the future, able to love like a daughter of God and protect her honor like an archangel. Here, trembling on the verge of that mystery to which his life had been devoted, wandering in delirium, sinking at times into deadly stupor, and anon shouting a war-cry or singing at the camp-fire remembered songs, Cadogan was a helpless, unconscious patient in those strong hands, and was lost to comrades and friends, who supposed his body to be lying in some secluded spot in the forest.

CHAPTER X.

RIVALS.

“If dar’s a place in all de lan’
Whar I would radder be-e-e,
Oh, heah’s me heart and heah’s me han’,
To stay by Tennessee-e-e-e:
O, O Tennessee-e-e-e.”

“STOP that noise, Sam,” said a melodious voice behind the singer. Sam, the brawny colored man, was striding along, hat in hand, in front of a powerful black horse on which Addie Johnson was riding. It had need to be a rapid horse to weary Sam on a country road or a forest-path. Barefooted, bare-headed, and clad in only two linsey-woolsey garments—a shirt and trousers—he trotted over stones and roots, jumped troublesome mud-puddles and soft spots in the swamps, and never ceased to roll out a volume of melody which filled the forest with echoes. The great horse behind was sweating along over the uneven path, and seemed envious of the springy, unburdened servant who preceded him. Miss Addie was habited in her richest riding-garb. Her hat with plumes, and her long skirt of rich cloth, while a long veil, to avoid the troublesome boughs of trees, was tied across her forehead and knotted loosely behind her head. Her gloved hands toyed with a jeweled whip, and often a look of anger implied that if she had been in reach the melodious song of her advance guard would have been stopped by the lash. In Tennessee no such embargo had been enforced as that

which, in the remote South, deprived the ladies of needed clothing or more desired but superfluous adornment. Nashville was not far away, and Louisville, Ky., scarcely knew a cessation of its trade during the war. Hence, the ladies on the border were able to appear in customary finery until peace brought comfort once more to all. The arrogant beauty again spoke in angry tones to Sam: "Stop that noise."

Sam, with a comical grin, turned and remarked: "Dat's music, Miss Addie, dat ain' noise. Wha' fur mus' I stop it?"

"Because you may get a bullet in you if you do not stop. We are somewhere near the picket-line, and if Forrest's men are not around, certainly Colonel Brownlow's cavalry may be posted near here and give you a shot."

"Ya, ya; you didn' know dat Cogan's Pete and Colonel Yell's niggahs and myself gwine jine de army. Lordy, befor' I would be afraid——"

Bang! went a twelve pounder in the camp, and a shell, with its melancholy scream, flew over the woods and exploded, with a dull crash, in the woods beyond the Harpeth River. Sam had dropped to the ground instantly and ran his head close up among the spreading roots of a giant oak. Almost choking with laughter, Addie rode up and said, "Sam."

The answer was a sigh of horror. Again she called, "Sam."

He shuddered, but would not look up. Bending forward in the saddle, she selected a soft and tender spot and brought the lash down upon it with force. Sam understood this better than artillery, for he welcomed the tingling sensation with a sigh of satisfac-

tion, and turned over and sat up. But his face was of an ashy-blue color, and he said, tremblingly:

"Is de engagement ober? Is you alive, Miss Addie?"

"Get up, you black rascal. There is no engagement. The battery at Triune is practicing and testing shells. A nice soldier you would make."

"Dat's all right, Miss Addie, but dey begun on de wrong lesson fur dis niggah."

"Wrong lesson? What do you mean? You are a coward, that's all."

"Dar's whar you gwine tree de wrong coon, Miss Addie. I ain' no coward, but I done got de wrong lesson in military tictacs."

"What do you mean?"

"I was gwine jine de infantry fust. Doan' you know wot a infant is?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, dass wot I said. I gwine jine de infantry an' learn to shoot a leetle revolver fust, an' den, w'en I got mo' expeunce, den I gwine shoot a musket, an' in about a yeah den I gwine ter shoot a cannon. Dass wot I said, but, by golly, w'en you open on a infant wid a cannon, den you boun' ter begin on de wrong end of his expeunce. Golly, I ain' afraid, I's only surprised."

A silvery laugh from the crimson lips of his young mistress greeted his ingenious explanation, and she said:

"Well, get up, then, and lead the way to Mallon's, if you are not too badly frightened."

"Ob case I will. I ain' afraid. I was only jess a-sayin' dat it ain' no decent cotillion whar dey puts de 'break-down' ahead ob de 'salute yer partners.'"

But the song was gone out of his heart, and he

limped along as if he had really been wounded. He kept one eye apprehensively turned upward, as if by due precaution he could avoid all danger from erratic shells. At last, Addie said: "Sam, what made you take the wounded soldier to Hugh Mallon's?"

"Whar would we tek him?" asked Sam.

"Why, to any house near by. To my house, for instance."

"Huh!" said Sam.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Addie, angrily.

"Wouldn' you-alls radder see a Union sojer wounded den not? Hugh Mallon is a Union man," said Sam.

"Union man! You colored people seem to know all about it, and give all your allegiance to the mercenaries from the North. Why, Sam, it is heartless. These men have been your masters all your lives," said Addie.

"Dat's wot's de matter," said Sam, sententiously.

"Now, where did you get that slang expression? What *is* the matter?" said Addie.

"Dey been our marsters too long, an' de sojers down to Triune sing, 'An' dat's wot's de matter,'" and Sam tried the new song.

"Ungrateful scoundrels! Never mind, you just attend to your business and lead me to Hugh Mallon's," said Addie.

"Dat won't be a long job, for dar it am, right ober on de side hill beyond de branch, an' I ain' sorry dat we got here; an' I would hurry up if I's you, an' git away 'fore dark. Dey may want to practice dem cannon an' t'ings by moonlight. Dey ain' no knowin' what dey'll do next," and Sam held the stirrup while Addie sprang to the ground in front of the humble

dwelling, and then Sam walked the horse up and down in front of the house.

Lucy Mallon, the Juno-like maiden, met Addie Johnson in the door. The one a type of unsophisticated natural grace. The other a type of a civilization as grand and unique as the century flower, of which it might be a type. Only a century of such an existence as comes from the perfect ease and luxury as is enjoyed by the class which controls slaves and bondmen. The custom of absolute rule gives a proud poise to the head. Generations of restfulness and only sportive exercise round the form evenly, without the harsh exuberance of muscle coming from toil. The dark eyes assume a liquid depth and the flash of an easily roused passion. The type is extinct on earth, and will never be produced again. Perhaps the climate may have done something toward the production of this tropical fruit. The life of one is the pure, deep existence of flashing fountains; the other is the gleam of wine in ruby goblets. The voice of one is the haunting cry of the Northern thrush; the other, the passionate call of the mocking bird. They faced each other for a moment, and, woman-like, no detail of dress or feature escaped the seemingly casual scrutiny. The prestige of a hundred years placed Addie in a position to command. Generations of honest toil put the fair maiden in her own house in the position of a subordinate.

"I am Miss Addie, of the great house," said the visitor.

"I had supposed so," said Lucy. "Will you be seated?"

"No, thank you," said Addie; "you have a wounded soldier here."

"Yes, a wounded *Union* soldier," said Lucy, with the emphasis of surprise.

"Of course I would find no other nursed beneath your father's roof," said Addie, bitterly.

"And so I am the more astonished at your call," said Lucy, with womanly tact turning the sword in the wound.

Addie looked surprised. Here was a beautiful girl, and one who could talk with much point and effect. She would study her. So she said, again:

"This soldier, Cadogan by name, has proved himself a hero. He is a gentleman, also. He, in an emergency, saved the life of my brother, and when I learned from my servants that he was at your home, wounded, I came over to offer my assistance. War does not entirely obliterate the obligations of humanity. I can offer him a home in my house for a time, or assist him in any way," but in spite of her self-possession a hot blush covered her cheek as she concluded her speech.

"He is in no condition to be moved now; and if he were, he is welcome to a home here," said Lucy, calmly. "Perhaps you would like to see him."

Addie nodded her head affirmatively, and, to her surprise, her hostess turned about and drew back the chintz curtains from the recess in the room. As a withdrawn curtain reveals a picture, so now Addie stood with bated breath and pale cheek, and looked. This was not the soldier she knew. His dark locks were spread on the pillow and his thin lips were drawn back from the teeth. His heavy, drooping mustache made more pallid the cheek beneath. One thin, transparent hand was outside the snowy counterpane, and twitched in every muscle with the weakness of approaching death.

Involuntarily Addie dropped on her knees beside the couch and took his hand. Slowly the eyes opened and gazed long and fixedly at the eager face. Then a look of pain played over the features, and the lips essayed to speak.

"It is the face that troubled me—the face that was a cloud between me and the light."

Addie bent nearer and said: "It is I, Addie. Do you know me?"

Cadogan closed his eyes a moment, and seemed to be trying to recall something which baffled his weak attempts.

"What is it?" asked Addie.

"Where is the other face?—the face which calmed me and made it seem easy to climb those awful heights. Where is the soft, strong hand that drew me up, instead of down?"

A rustle of garments causes the weak eyes to turn aside for a moment, and then Lucy's glad, pure face comes into the circle of his vision. He sighs, his lips wreath themselves into a smile, and as Lucy's hand touches his damp brow he sinks into a calm, deep sleep. Addie rises to her feet with a baleful light in her eyes. She scans Lucy from head to foot as she draws on her gloves, but she says no word. With a gliding step she reaches the door, and turns to look once more on the scene. Then she grasps the reins on her horse's back, and at one motion reaches the saddle, turns the impatient horse, and strikes him with her whip. A snort of rage is heard, the dirt is spurned by the iron feet, and under the forest-arches only a clatter of flying hoofs is heard as she disappears. Sam has not yet replaced his hat, and with the disengaged hand he scratches his head and ejaculates:

“Lordy, ef dat ain’t des laik de ole colonel w’en he done got bu’sted on fo’ kings, at Nashville, an’ I tried to keep up wid ’im w’en he started fur Triune. Dass wot I said. Dis niggah gwine home across-lots, an’, chillen, I’s a-gwine lively, too,” and he struck a lope peculiar to himself and started for the Johnson plantation.

CHAPTER XI.

MYRA.

I N the wide-open window of the parlor at the great house Addie Johnson stood and pondered. A scowl was on the beautiful brow, and a fierce look curved the red lips. Anon she turned and walked across the floor with a hurried step. An observer could not fail to remark the similarity between the sleek, beautiful woman and a caged leopardess. There was the same beautiful, springy step, the same gliding motion, and the same impatient turning at the boundaries of the cage. Shall we carry the figure farther, and speak of the lambent gleam of the bright eyes? At last she approached the window, and saw coming up the long avenue the form of the mysterious voodoo woman, Myra. Instantly Addie stopped in surprise, and said:

“What brings Myra here? I never saw her at the big house before.”

When she heard a timid knock at the door, she threw it open and stood expectantly waiting for her message. Myra was now clad in a different garb from that which she wore at her own cabin. The

turban of gay silk was discarded, and Addie noticed, with interest, that her hair was only slightly wavy and of a most beautiful and luxuriant growth, while her forehead was prominent and had not the slanting form of the negro. Her tall form was now clad in a rich mantle of dark silk, and as she stood in her young mistress's presence and clasped her hands, Addie observed a flashing diamond on one taper hand. She waited respectfully for an invitation to be seated. Addie studied her face for a long time. At last she said: "Be seated, Myra."

"I come," said Myra, "to ask you if I might have some conversation with you."

She spoke in such carefully selected terms, and used such diction, that Addie forgot her question and only studied her face. Myra appeared uneasy under the close scrutiny and repeated her question.

"Is it about the voodoo charm?" asked Addie.

"It is," Myra said.

"Then I can tell you, briefly, it failed," said Addie, angrily.

"It has not failed. It will work; but I come to ask you to forget this man. Nothing but unhappiness can come of this love. I have studied him and watched him when he thought himself unobserved. I have heard of him through the field-hands. I have heard of him from you, Miss Addie, and I tell you to let him alone," said Myra, anxiously.

"You are making yourself excessively free, for a servant; but I opened the door of familiarity, so I say nothing of that," said Addie. "But why must I leave him alone?"

"Because he is too powerful for us. If you ask me to sully a brook, with one sweep of my hand I can

make its waters turbid; but if you bid me soil the clear tide of a river, I can do nothing. This man is a river of power. I have seen him counting the stars. I have seen him at night call the birds amid the darkness and talk their language. Dumb beasts come at his call and tremble in his presence. He is a king among men. Common men are led by their passions. This man has made them his slaves, and they cower like curs at his feet. Oh, Miss Addie, I come to ask you to give up this passion. If it lures a star to earth, it will only sink to your level to crush you," and Myra leaned toward her mistress with extended hands.

Addie rose to her feet, and said, in a harsh voice:

"It is because he is a king among men that I wish to rule over him. If conquest be difficult, then victory will be sweet. What, would you have me lead the sodden brutes who crawl at my feet, and turn aside from the only pure, true man I ever knew? No, Myra; if your charm fail, I will follow him with my only weapon—a woman's love."

"And what," said Myra, thoughtfully, "has been the history of such a love? The hot gust of passion followed by the cold rain of repentant tears. After the drink at the oasis, the long, arid desert of shameful years. Oh, beware, Addie, beware!"

"Be it so, Myra. One hour of his love and then welcome death, welcome dishonor, welcome tears. I know the price—better than you know the tempestuous sea I call a heart," and she stamped her foot with passion.

Myra replied in a musing tone,

"There was a family of your name, once, that would have washed out an injury in oceans of blood. A

sting of insult would have brought forth a deadly blow. But that family is gone."

"What do you mean?" asked Addie. "This Cadogan saved my brother's life."

"And then took it again," said Myra, scornfully.

"You lie, base slave; Robert is not dead. He is with Forrest's troops," cried Addie.

"Read this," said Myra; "one of the hands brought it from Franklin."

As if in a nightmare dream she calmly took the letter and read it a second time before its awful import seemed to be real, and then a shriek rang through the apartment and she became unconscious.

FRANKLIN, *April —th*, 1863.

DEAR SISTER: When you receive this I will be in eternity. I was taken as a spy. The man who saved my life once, at Triune, denounced me at Franklin and caused my death. I harbor no enmity toward him. He is a true soldier, and that was a soldier's duty. I have written at more length, and made proper disposal of my effects through Union officers, who have extended many courtesies to me. God bless you, is the prayer of

ROBERT.

"It is harsh medicine, but she shall turn away from this fatal love," said Myra, as she cared for her unconscious mistress. She chafed her hands and sprinkled water in her face, and soon the powerful nature arose from the blast, as bending trees arise when tempests cease. When she looked around with a conscious gaze, she encountered the eyes of Myra, and asked:

"Was it true Robert is dead?"

"Mercifully, I answer, 'Yes.' Better that you should soon become accustomed to the truth. And

now your love is turned to hate, is it not, and your hand will be turned toward revenge?" said Myra.

Addie moaned and shook her head.

"It was the fate of war. Cadogan is a soldier."

"Better you were dead than to follow blindly the leadings of such a love. Sit up and listen. I am about to turn loose upon you the vials of wrath from Heaven." Addie shuddered as she looked into the face of the slave. A steely glitter was in her eyes, and the muscles of her face twitched convulsively.

"Not now, not now!" cried Addie; "wait until I am strong."

"No; I will talk now. I will save you or never speak again. What am I? A slave. Let me tell my story and depart," and Myra arose and commenced to pace the floor as she was wont to pace the limits of her cabin in her incantations. But her voice was not a mad song. It was intelligent speech.

"Twenty-five years ago, in New Orleans, a wealthy creole family became bankrupt, and their slaves came to the block. Among them was a beautiful quadroon who had been reared as a member of the family. Whether she had a right to claim a position under that roof or not, God only knows, but the fact was apparent that she had the same characteristics and features possessed by the rest of the family. No distinction was made in educating the children, and the quadroon servant shared the life of the creole daughters. When misfortune came, the planter had a guest from Tennessee—a noble, generous youth who sympathized with his friends in their downfall. One of those servants—the quadroon—never went to the block, but by arrangement with the creditors was sold to the young Tennessean, and his kind act met the

gratitude of the planter. When he came North he was accompanied by the quadroon, so dressed as to attract no attention, as his companion. He took her to his home, and she became a servant under the lady he called his wife. His acts of generosity and uniform kindness had won the love of the quadroon, and she would have died for him."

Addie sat now on the carpet, with her hands clinched about her knees. She did not seem to breathe, and her face was like marble.

"The quadroon loved with the love of her native clime. No heights were too great, no streams of difference too broad, for such a love. It was a love like yours, Addie," said Myra.

"Go on," muttered Addie, hoarsely.

"There is not much more to such a story. The wife drove her out with curses, and her little girl was born in a cabin."

"It was a girl, then?" whispered Addie.

"Yes, it was a beautiful girl; and when the wife died she came into the house and was reared with her brother, and became a lady; and when the colonel, her father, died——"

"The colonel—oh, God help me!" Addie screamed in anguish.

"Yes, Addie," said Myra; "and I am your mother. Will you stop now on the verge of a mad, suicidal love?"

But shrieks resounded through the house. A mad rush of servants to the parlor followed, and the voodoo woman stooped and pressed the first kiss on her child's lips in twenty years. Then she turned and glided from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

WOODSON.

A MONTH had passed slowly away to the wounded soldier. There had been the change from delirium to the curious phenomenon of grasping piecemeal the surroundings as presented to the clearing intelligence. Then the happy content of mere existence in feeling the return of strength. The farmer at last lifted him from his bed to the padded splint chair. A week later he walked slowly along the hill-side by the side of Lucy Mallon. In the composition of his strange nature, perhaps no string had been placed which could vibrate to real passion. Perhaps originally of a tempestuous nature, he had whipped the steeds of passion into submission, so as to put on an icy exterior at any time. I incline to the latter belief. His temperament was such that if possessed by ordinary men, they would have been the slaves of passion. As he walked now, beside one of the most beautiful women he had ever met, his voice was as calm as the call of a priest to a devotee. This is the more strange as Lucy Mallon was the kind of woman that would appeal most strongly to his nature. Himself exquisitely refined, she had only the native graces of an Eve. Himself a life-long student of human moods and passions, she knew no more of man's complex hopes and aspirations than a child. He capable of mastering every emotion, she like a placid stream rippled by every zephyr and reflecting every image on its polished surface. But very dangerous to such

a woman is such a man—that is, dangerous to her peace of mind, for Cadogan would not have sullied the purest heart by even a suggestion of evil.

They had stopped in front of a small natural cave near the house. Some convulsion of nature had moved the strata of limestone rock apart, and then an overlying rock had roofed the chasm, leaving no outlet or inlet through the solid rock only at the door. Cadogan had visited the little grotto before, and now he stood leaning on Lucy's arm and looking into the sunlit door of the cave.

"If I had died I would like to have been buried here," said Cadogan.

"I would have thought you would desire to be sent back to your friends," said Lucy.

"I have no friends as you count friends. I have acquaintances in all parts of the world. I have comrades in the army, but the world is my home, and mankind my friends," and Cadogan said it with no tone of sentimental repining.

"You are a strange man," said the maiden, thoughtfully.

Cadogan did not heed the remark, but went on in a dreamy tone.

"There is a sort of dais of stone in the middle of the grotto. On that I would lie without a coffin. There is no damp in there, summer or winter. I would have an iron door fitted to this rocky entrance, and at the top, open grates. Here air and light could go in to my sweet resting-place. Will you remember all this, sometime, Lucy?" asked Cadogan.

"Did I not know you to be returning to health and strength, I should call your talk delirious," said Lucy.

"Nevertheless, remember it. Think of the flat

stone dais, and the form wrapped and lying upon it; the iron door and the open grate. Think of the sweet autumn leaves blowing in and sailing about my royal bed, and in the springtime the odors of flowers and the songs of birds will be wafted in to me. Think of



“I WOULD LIKE TO BE BURIED HERE.”

me as penetrating the secrets which have been hidden from ages. Think of me wiser than all the wisdom of earth. That is what death is. Not a dread to the philosopher, but mine inn which welcomes me when the evening shadows fall. Lucy, remember my words, will you?” and he turned toward the house.

"I will remember them," she said, and no feminine sob attested the wound in her tender heart. Slowly they wended their way to the house, and Cadogan continued:

"Lucy, you have been my comrade. No other tie can be as dear, and I offer no other. *Camaraderie* means friendship, similarity of tastes, and the best love. I shall soon disappear from your home. Some great change awaits me. I have nothing to offer for your ministry to me but gratitude. May the God of the universe bless you, is my prayer," and Cadogan pressed her hand.

She made no answer, but when he had sunk upon his couch, she turned hastily and left the room.

Cadogan slept. Through the open door came and went the droning bees. On one closed window an imprisoned fly poured out his griefs in a hoarse, exasperating buzz. Zephyrs came in at the door, lifted the white window-curtains, and rattled the prints nailed to the wall. The clock monopolized the whole acoustic properties of the room, and ticked as it sometimes does in sick-rooms at midnight when we have never noticed before how loudly a clock can tick. It was a sweet, calm summer afternoon, and Cadogan slept. But he dreams a very bad dream. In that dream he scowls as he hears a very repulsive voice, and, as often happens, he awakes and finds that the repulsive voice is actually talking in the room. It says:

"Yes, siree, Sam. I will see to it that you get a commission in that colored regiment as sergeant or corporal. I can do it, Sam."

"Dass what I said, cappen. Den I boun' ter 'list right away off, and you git de bounty and de pension

and de pay and bring dem to me, and we mek it all squar'."

"Right you are, Sammy. Here, gimme a drink out of that canteen. And so, Sammy, here is where the bright partickler star glimmers, is it? And she ain't no high-flyer, but what you call white trash. By Jove, Sam, I don't want any more first families with a whip in their hands."

"Dass what I said. Miss Addie, she jess got de spunk, and you want ter tech dat kind light, ur else de fedders fly."

"Well, this house seems to be deserted, Sam. Perhaps the bright partickler is away from home. Nice clean house, Sam, if it does belong to the white trash, as you call 'em. Say, by Jove, Sam, you black rascals would call me a poor white, too, up North."

"Well, cappen, you-alls got de ear-marks, and I powerful 'fraid ef it wasn't fur de shoulder-straps we mout send you roun' to de back do' w'en de ball begin."

"But them days is gone, Sam. 'Liberty and equality and the pursuit of happiness,' as Lafayette said at the battle of Concord. Ah, here she comes! Sam, set the canteen on the table and retire. When I want you I will whistle."

Cadogan lightly touched the curtains and looked out. As he suspected, it was Captain Woodson—Captain Woodson very drunk, too, and on a mission of love, piloted by Sam Johnson.

Civil war is bad under all circumstances. A house divided grinds itself to ruin by mutual attrition. But add to civil war the necessity for giving commissions rapidly and without discrimination, to the butcher and baker and candle-stick maker, and you can read-

ily account for the added horrors of American civil war. Men endowed with command who had never learned to command themselves. Men who regarded war as a long picnic and saturnalia of lust and intemperance. Both armies had these men, and as long as they were efficient soldiers small crimes were readily condoned. Insulted womanhood, pilfered jewels, secret murders followed in the wake of license, until the brutal, swollen face of such an officer brought a thrill of horror to the hearts of unoffending citizens. Woodson was truly the Michael among these fallen angels.

When Lucy Mallon came into the room and encountered the flaming face, encircled with its aureole of sandy beard, she measured the scoundrel at a glance, as the parent bird knows the warning shadow of the hawk. She stopped at the door and panted with excitement. Then the woman's instinct directed her eyes to the couch of the wounded soldier. Cadogan seemed asleep. She put her hand on her breast and waited. With a drunken leer Woodson took up the canteen and said:

"Any occasion for this? Take a drink if you want it."

She said nothing, but looked steadily at the brute.

Woodson staggered to the door and shut it. Then he sat down and smiled. It is fatal to such a man to smile. If they will only look fierce they have some advantages, but when such a man smiles he has prejudiced his case. He said, encouragingly:

"You had better make yourself agreeable. I am going to stay some time. I can make it agreeable for you or I can raise —— if you want me to."

"Perhaps," said Lucy, in a trembling tone, "if you would state your errand I could give you an answer."

"My errand don't need any statement," said Woodson, in a facetious tone. "It is apparent on the surface. You are a devilish pretty girl if you are in the lower walks of life, and I am an officer in the United States Army and devilish susceptible."

"If I get your meaning, sir, I am constrained to say that you are a scoundrel, and a reproach to the army and cause my father admires and loves. We are loyal to the Union, sir, and you should protect us instead of coming here to insult our weakness," said Lucy.

"Eloquent, by Jove! as well as pretty," said the amorous captain; "and I always make it a point to kiss the ladies who love the Union," and he arose and staggered toward her.

"Stop!" cried Lucy Mallon, "you are making a mistake. If you think my poverty offers any immunity to you for insult, you make a mortal mistake. I would rather die than suffer the weight of your finger to rest upon me. Your very breath is contamination."

With an oath he rushed forward with outstretched arms. But he stopped as suddenly as if paralyzed—stopped as if frozen in his tracks. There is a sound which a soldier never forgets. Years may elapse, and he may forget the commands of the leaders. Evolutions and manual all drift out of memory, but there is a sound meaning death. He never forgets it. The lock of the musket is so constructed that it gives out, in cocking, two sharp, metallic sounds—*click, click*.

It means death. On the side of the couch, with a musket across his lap, sat Cadogan, cool and calm, as

if waiting for a meal. He never was excited. And the muzzle of the Springfield musket was within ten feet of the captain's breast. He saw the bright copper percussion-cap beneath the uplifted hammer waiting only a touch of the thin, wan finger to hurl an ounce of lead through his drunken carcass. Coldly and unmoved, Cadogan said: "Sit down, Miss Mallon."

Then he continued, as she took her seat:

"Captain Woodson, kneel and ask her pardon."

Woodson turned red, then white, then blue; then he attempted to speak.

"Not a word," said Cadogan. "Kneel down and say, 'Miss Mallon, I am sorry. Forgive me; I was drunk.'" Cadogan's eye never wavered, but steadily he brought the musket to his shoulder. Woodson dropped upon his knees and mumbled the words he was bidden to say. Then he arose, and Cadogan said, abruptly, "Get out! Here, take your canteen and leave instantly!"

When he was outside the door he turned to speak, but he was still looking down the dark perspective of a rifle-barrel, and he only lifted his finger and shook it as he moved away with a white face. If he had waited he would have seen the fainting soldier drop the hammer of the musket, and sink back on the couch again, saying, "I have now a mortal enemy;" and he would also have seen the fair Lucy sprinkle the pallid face of the wounded man, as he closed his eyes in a deadly faint. But he did not know it, and stalked back to camp cursing Sam and Cadogan and women in general, while Sam scratched his head and remarked:

"Dass jess one ob my fool tricks. I done clean

forgot about dat soldier. Gorramity, what I tell you 'bout dat voodoo bisness ob Miss Myra's?"

CHAPTER XIII.

FOREBODINGS.

IT is the guard tent at Triune. It is a hot day in May. The guard tent is an old bell tent of the issue of 1862. Its frame is of two upright poles and a cross pole, and the tent-pins are pulled out and the curtain lifted and held up on tall stakes, so that what breeze stirs in camp may go through the sultry tent. The relief guard, which is off duty, is trying to kill time according to their several tastes. Four of them are seated in the straw, with a knapsack for a table, and they are gambling. It is no child's game, either, in which they are engaged, for when a settlement takes place wallets are displayed containing large bunches of the green legal-tender notes of the Government. Their faces are pale with the excitement of gaming, a pleasure like other exquisite pleasures which are akin to pain and pale the cheek with ecstasy. Other members of the guard love more moderate pleasures, and lying all abroad in the straw read some yellow-covered novel or worse book. The sergeant, in all the responsibility of three chevrons on his jacket-sleeve, sits alone with his back against a tree and a pipe in his mouth, and as he puffs slowly, considers the probable trouble he may have before night with drunken comrades and punctilious officers. The regular *habitués* of the guard tent, who would be

called the rounders in a city court, are sleeping the sleep of the just in the shade of yonder tree, under the supervision of an alert sentinel. The camp rounder has a bloated form and a face fearfully and wonderfully bruised in free fights. The drunken man who desires to fight in camp can be accommodated at a moment's notice. There are phlegmatic men who get tired of the monotony of the camp and prowl around seeking the excitement of a fight. To such, a belligerent drunken man is a boon, and when the camp rounder is ushered into the guard tent he is adorned with all the styles of facial bruise known to pugilism, from the ordinary black eye to the elaborate split nose and jutting eyebrow. The guard tent was situated on the highest part of the camp. It overlooked the long rows of streets and the commissary stores, where a sentinel stood roasting in the Tennessee sun. Clear across might be seen the officers' tents and the sutler's store; also the hardly recognized chaplain's tent, which attracted less attention in the camp than the church does in a modern city. The guard tent is the court of law, the bureau of protection, the municipal prison, the police office of the camp.

"Fall in the guard!" thus cried the sergeant. The pack of cards was thrust under the knapsack, and the pile of money was covered with a tin plate. The dime novels fluttered to the ground, and in half a minute the twenty men stood in line as if frozen there, and the sergeant cried, again: "Attention, guard—present, arms!"

The guard presented arms, then shouldered arms, and ordered them, and all this for Captain Woodson, who was officer of the day and sober. When he

saluted the guard and walked down the line, resplendent in a crimson sash and epaulettes, it was evident that he was sober. No drunken man would have that cold, white line of anger around his lips. No drunken man would smile to himself and work his fingers in his yellow gauntlets as he did. No; Captain Woodson for once was sober, and following him came an ambulance which stopped at the guard tent, and the captain seemed to gloat over something as he roared out: "Come, tumble out of that! You can walk fast enough!"

And then the guard were astonished to see, climbing down the step of the ambulance, Cadogan, whom all supposed dead.

"Sergeant," said Woodson, "is there a pair of handcuffs in the guard tent? This man is a deserter. I found him yesterday, and when I tried to arrest him he aimed a musket at me. Put the handcuffs on him and watch him closely."

To say that the guard were surprised would be a weak description of their astonishment. Cadogan, the coolest, bravest man in the regiment. He who was the soul of honor, the marvel of manly purity. He a deserter!

"Come, fly around and get the irons on him, will you?" cried Woodson. "You act as if you were afraid of him."

Oh, no; no one was afraid of Cadogan now. His eyes were sunken and had a hunted look. His form was emaciated, and his garments hung loosely upon him. His hands, like birds' claws, clung to the iron hand-rail of the ambulance-step. No; they were not afraid—they were astonished. At last the handcuffs were produced, and Cadogan mechanically held up

his hands and curiously watched the process of fitting them on, as though the hands belonged to some one else.

"Now, then, I leave him in your charge. If he tries to escape, knock him down with the butt of a musket, or shoot him. He is a bad customer, and I will indorse any course of treatment."

Then Woodson saluted the guard and stalked away, and the ambulance returned to headquarters. The sergeant allowed the guard to stack arms, and then break ranks and return to their former amusements, but they did not seem to have a relish for them. They sedately filled their pipes and watched their new prisoner as he laid himself down on the straw of the guard tent. At last Cadogan looked up and asked, "Can I see a comrade?"

"Of course you can," said the sergeant, ready to relieve his pent-up feelings of resentment in some way.

"Then I would like to see Campbell, of H Company, immediately," said Cadogan, faintly.

"Well, you bet," said one of the guards, as he sprung to his feet and hurried away.

In a few moments the ringing step of the stalwart soldier was heard approaching, and a moment later a glad cry as he folded the slender form of Cadogan in his arms.

"I wish to have a long talk with Campbell," said Cadogan; "but before we ask to have the tent to ourselves I would like to set myself right with my comrades."

He tore open his blouse and shirt and exposed his breast, where the blue wound of a bullet was seen. As yet the drawn filaments centred at one spot, as the

threads of a spider's web meet at a common centre. He pointed to this ghastly mark, yet unhealed, and said:

"All men desire to have their fellows think well of them; much more the soldier, whose stock in trade is courage. Captain Woodson has told you I am a deserter. You did not believe him. I am glad of that. But this wound will show you that I was shot in line of duty as we returned from Franklin, and since that time I have been cared for near the scene of action. No matter what happens, boys, remember me as at least an honorable man and soldier."

When they had filed out of the tent and the sides were let down, Campbell came and sat down in the straw, and Cadogan laid his head in his lap. He said, slowly:

"In all the lore of the past I find nothing so sweet as the tender words of David in lamentation over Jonathan. Somehow, I am calm with you; I am rested. You are my human side, Campbell. I grope on the borders of the infinite spaces and feel that I would rather be gone, and then I touch your strong human nature and cry, with David: 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful—passing the love of women.' Let me talk. I am close now to the curtain of mystery. I shall soon know what is beyond. Now I dream of Gallatin and our frosty tent. Now the yellow sunshine and muddy pools of Perryville, and the rank odors of wasting bodies under the hot sunshine. Now we are side by side as the January snows drift at Mill Springs. Anon I catch the rolling waves of song on the great march to Louisville. One blanket will never cover us again. I am distressed for thee, my brother."

"You are not going to die, Cadogan," said Campbell, smothering his sobs.

"The bird which holds its steady flight three thousand miles across the ocean drops dead in the autumnal frosts. What avails my study in all lands? What avails my abstinence and nights of watching? What avails it that I have turned all the rivulets of hidden knowledge into the reservoir of my being? My wing is weary and I droop. Campbell, I know you love me. You can say no more than that. Will you write these directions on the tablet of your memory, and when I am gone remember them word for word?"

"I will," whispered Campbell.

"Remember, then, and ask no questions. When I am dead, wash my body carefully and then bathe it in olive-oil. See that my groins are securely bound. Then carefully stop my nostrils and ears with wax. Next wrap my body in cotton cloth from head to foot. Over this sew my blanket with care. Then over this sew my rubber *poncho*, so that no insect or vermin can reach my body. At the house of Hugh Mallon is a cave. Place me in that according to directions I have left there. Then leave my knapsack as it hangs now upon the wall, and when we meet in eternity you will receive my thanks. That is all."

"But, Cadogan, why do you submit to this torture? Why die? You are no deserter; you are not mutinous," said Campbell.

"True," said Cadogan; "but I did threaten the life of the brute Woodson for an attempted outrage on a lady. I am in his power. Even the general dare not interfere in a case of discipline of this kind. I have long contemplated this move, and if I could make you

understand why I now prefer death I would give my reasons. On my body, when you lay it out, you will find a letter. Six months after I am gone read it. With almost divine powers I lie down voluntarily in death. Kiss me, Campbell, and I will call the general to my side."

It was a strange sight—the powerful man stooping to kiss the slender youth; but with a hand-grasp they parted, and the hurried preparation of the guard outside denoted the approach of a superior officer. As Campbell passed out he saw the guard at salute, and the general with an angry stride approaching the tent. He put his hand to his cap and passed rapidly on to his tent and duty.

When the general entered the guard tent he made an almost indistinguishable sign to Cadogan, who responded in a harsh, guttural language none might understand.

"How came you here?" asked the general. "I had supposed you dead, or gone with some message for the brethren."

Cadogan bared his breast and pointed to his wound.

"Ah!" said the general, in a kind tone; "but why did you not call me before? I have longed for some communication."

"Delirium, weakness, and now death will intervene," said Cadogan. And he briefly recounted his story.

"But you will be cleared at the court-martial," cried the general.

"No; I shall never reach a court-martial. Woodson is adverse to me. Implacable, he will follow me to death."

"But I will put him under arrest. I will detail you to other duties," said the general, eagerly.

"Too late. The gossamer threads of presentiment blow across my soul from the damp caverns of death. General, there is a deeper depth of theosophic lore than you have ever penetrated. I dare say no more. See, I have made a list of articles you may send to me to-night. Then allow Campbell to carry out my wishes to the letter. Farewell. If I have aught of need which you can supply I will call for you again. If not, we will meet in happier days."

"Call for me at any time, if any undue rigor is used in your case. Captain Woodson is already under surveillance for neglect of duty and brutality," and the general, making again the strange sign, turned reluctantly and left the tent.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISCIPLINE.

THE scene depicted in this chapter one of the authors of this story saw and participated in. We flatter ourselves as a nation that we are on an "eminence, and glory covers us." The "cat" as an instrument of torture is driven out of the navy. Flogging is not permitted in the army, and yet, in this last year of our Lord, 1888, desertions from our little standing army caused a loss to the Government of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. With the best ration accorded to any soldier in the world, with the highest pay and best clothing allowance, there is

not a regiment in any arm of our service, even in peace, that can be kept recruited up to its maximum number. You are startled. What do you say—no cavalry, or infantry, or artillery regiment with full ranks? Yes, exactly that; desertions nearly equal enlistments in all arms of the service. Poor material, you may guess. You know better. The material of which the storming parties of Vicksburg, and Mission Ridge, and Buena Vista, and Bunker Hill was made was good, and is good. Well, then, if the material of the army is good, it must be the severity of the service. Oh, no; the desertions are greater in peace than in war. Well, then, what is the cause of the inefficiency of the most expensive army in the world? Discipline. Well, discipline is necessary. Yes; but there is no hell ornamented with so thick a door, or shut away across so impassable a gulf, as exists between the private soldier and any help from above. Flogging is not allowed. No; but in the cemetery at Fort Ripley lie the bodies of three soldiers who died under punishment. Every military post has its tragic tale. Then there is something worse than flogging. Yes, a hundred-fold. There is the tying up by the thumbs. There is the spread-eagle, and I saw a man dead in that torture at Spring Hill, Tenn. There is the buck and gag. There is the weighted knapsack containing a stone weighing sixty pounds, and I have seen a man rendered insane with that mild torture. Is there no redress? Absolutely none. Show me the record of an appeal made by a private soldier, and show me the history of his redress. His charges against a superior must pass through the hands of the captain who wronged him, the colonel who allowed his cruel punishment, and the general who winked at the

abuse. It never reaches the publicity of the outer and upper circle, and so the soldier dies or deserts. Buried under the straw of the guard-tent, and his record closed on the muster-roll with the words, "Died of disease;" or gashed by the sword of a drunken officer, and the record reads, "Resisted arrest." Nature hates a vacuum; she always also hates repletion, and will find relief and vent. Given no satisfaction from above, the army finds vent for its outrages in desertion. At Winchester, Va., a drunken officer ties a boy of nineteen up by the thumbs, and then goes to bed and forgets the suffering boy. A thunder-storm comes on. The boy hangs until next morning, forgotten, and is cut down an idiot and crippled for life. I could give the name of the officer and the regiment. Were I a soldier, I would say, "In God's name give us back the flogging!"

In what way does this condition affect the usefulness of the army? Well, men are creatures of revenge and impulse, and a regiment of the infantry in one engagement showed a greater loss of officers than of privates, howbeit their proportion and ratio of exposure were seventy-five per cent less. Many old scores were wiped out in a battle. What must have been the treatment that bred murder in comrades' hearts?

A week had slowly passed in Triune camp, and the friends of Cadogan had settled down to the conviction that the court martial and sentence would fall but lightly upon him. His own views had not changed apparently. He refused to see anyone and sat with his hands on his knees, apparently in thought. A strange feature of his condition at this time was his abstention from food. Only an occasional draught

from a bottle containing some curious oily compound, or an occasional handful of raw wheat. A change was also taking place in his appearance. His skin had a soft, luminous appearance, as though transparent; and in his eyes might be seen a far away gleam, as of insanity. No word of affection was spoken to any one. Clearly his thoughts were fixed on the world to which he anticipated going. His nature presented the phenomenon of a besieged army drawing in its out-posts and shortening its lines about some central citadel. At last came a day when the redoubtable Captain Woodson was again officer of the day. His face wore now a triumphant look, and his obese form was erect and his eyes fierce. Campbell was sergeant of the guard, and his short, sharp commands were instantly obeyed by the guard as they aligned themselves for inspection.

"Where are the prisoners?" asked Woodson.

"In the tent," responded Campbell, briefly.

"Make them fall in. I wish to see the prisoners when I am officer of the day," said Woodson.

Campbell lifted the flap of the tent and cried out:

"Fall in, prisoners."

The regular camp-rounders came out rubbing their eyes, and, taking in the situation, fell into as regular a line as their condition and drill would admit of. Woodson ran his eye down the line and asked:

"Are those all the prisoners you have?"

Campbell touched his cap and said:

"All but Cadogan, who is wounded and not able to parade."

"And who told you what a man's condition must be in order to escape duty? Order that man out," said Woodson.

Campbell turned to the tent again and said:

"Come, Cadogan, the officer of the day wants to parade the prisoners. Fall in."

"What kind of a way is that to talk to a mutinous deserter and prisoner?" said Woodson, as he stepped to the door of the tent. "Come, you cursed malingerer and coward, roll out."

But Woodson himself seemed to be surprised when he looked inside. Cadogan had not heard a word which had been spoken. He sat with his chin upon his knees and his eyes fixed on the top of the tent. With an angry cry Woodson stepped inside and kicked the dreamer in the side, so that he arose, sighing with pain, and looked at the tormentor's face.

"Don't do that again," said Campbell, in that thick, suffocating voice which indicates deadly anger.

"What, more mutiny?" cried the now angry and crimson-faced captain. "Come out here!" and he seized Cadogan by the neck and dragged him outside. In the sunlight he looked still more ghastly. His shrunken form looked boyish beside the stalwart guards about him. Woodson was now in his element. He turned to Campbell and said, pointing to Cadogan: "Buck and gag that man."

Campbell looked squarely in his eye and said:

"I will not do it."

Woodson turned to the guard and said, with a cruel smile:

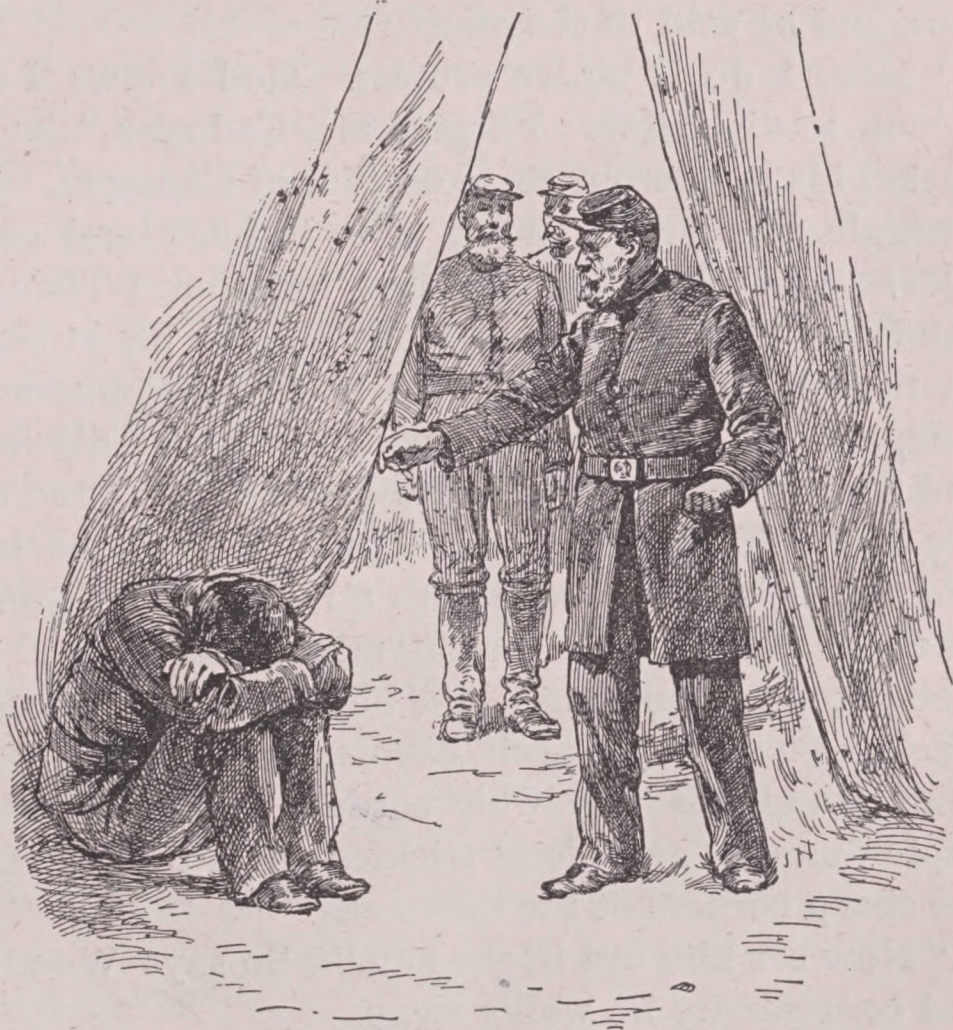
"You hear me? I tell your sergeant to buck and gag that man, and he mutinies."

The men hung their heads sullenly. Woodson drew out a revolver, and cocking it, said again to Campbell:

"Buck and gag that man."

"Captain," said Campbell, "I beg of you, in God's

name, do not ask me to do that. He is my comrade. We have fought side by side, and shared our last penny and loaf. Now he is wounded unto death, helpless, and you use me as an instrument to torture my more than brother. Captain, for Heaven's sake take it back."



"COME, YOU COWARD, ROLL OUT."

"Buck and gag that man."

Cadogan seemed to understand at last, and said, dreamily:

"I shall resist, Campbell. I dare not allow this torture in my present condition without a protest. God gave me this body to protect. I will not strike you,

my old comrade, but you will have to tie and tear me down. As an innocent man I will leave this record. Tear me down and tie me, my old comrade, and, mercifully, do it quickly."

"Buck and gag that man."

The revolver was raised to a level with Campbell's face, and he said to the guard:

"Men, I do it under protest. God knows I only submit to discipline. Forgive me, Cadogan," and he hurled his ponderous form on that of Cadogan. The struggle was brief. What is it to buck and gag a man? First his feet are tied together. Then his hands are tied together in front. Next he is seated on the ground and his knees brought up under his chin, and his tied hands forced down over his knees and a stick of wood pushed under the knees and over the arms. Then a bayonet is put between the teeth and tied behind the head with a rope. Behold one of God's images who is suffering mild punishment! The blood stops circulating in the hands, and they become black. The aching neck becomes swollen, and the veins stand out like whip-cords. This irritates the gaping mouth, and blood trickles down the face from the sharp corners of the bayonet.

"Now set him out in the sun." So says Woodson, and contentedly he walks away.

It creeps on toward noon. The vertical rays beat down on the bare young head. Campbell stoops and looks in his face. The victim is unconscious. You may carry him, thus trussed up, like a bale of goods. Campbell takes hold of the ends of the stick and carries the unconscious soldier into the guard-tent. Think you he dares to remove the bayonet and pour water into the parched mouth? No; that would be a

breach of discipline, and could be punished with death.

"Turn out the guard," said the officer of the day.

Sure enough, a little drunker and a little more fierce.

"Where is the prisoner?" he asks.

"He fainted in the sun and I carried him into the tent," said Campbell, in a constrained voice.

"Put him right back in the sun."

With a groan Campbell pointed to the tent, and two men brought out the victim and placed him in the yellow sunshine. Am I painting a fancy picture? I would to God that were all. I saw it. The sun sank in the west. A whisper went around the camp. It came to the ears of the surgeon of the regiment. He came, with a scowl, away from an interesting game of cards, and stopped in front of the guard-tent and looked curiously at the last freak of discipline. Then he took out his knife, cut the rope behind the head and the bayonet fell out, but the mouth remained open. The eyes were staring open and glassy. The cords were all cut, but the body was rigid, and had been for three hours. The surgeon turned and took the names of the guards. When Woodson approached, a change took place instantly, and he cried, excitedly :

"Throw water in his face. He is shamming."

The surgeon reached out for Woodson's sword and said :

"Give me your sword. You are a prisoner. Report yourself instantly to the colonel. You have killed this man."

Then all the minute cowardice and poltroonery of the uniformed brute showed itself. He turned pale,

he fidgeted, he turned to the guard, who detested the cruel venom of the drunken tyrant, and then handed to the surgeon his sword and started to turn away, but was arrested by the circumstances which we will detail in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

TOGETHER.

WE may attribute much of the failure of the colored troops during the civil war to the forage-cap. The colored regiments did well—in fact, well as could be expected under the circumstances—but they did not leave a great historic name like the “Chasseurs d’Afrique” or the Moors of Spain, and so small a thing as the forage-cap was the dull, obdurate planet which eclipsed the glory of the African in his hour of trial. A new headgear should have been devised for him in his new relations to society. Some shrewd and far-seeing lover of the race should have foreseen how he would be handicapped by a helmet invented for the Saxon or Caucasian race. We say it with reverence for providential differences of race, that the head, like its own tropical fruit, the pineapple, was never intended to show to good advantage the forage-cap. Its leather peak, extending forward over a landscape of features devoid of much broken country, only shadowed what rugged declivities appeared in sight, and the long, bag-like crown, drawn over the long head, only suggested the straitened circumstances of the sausage in its narrow quarters.

We simply offer this suggestion as a probable cause. Let deeper philosophers seek more occult reasons. Under some circumstances the colored patriot might look fierce. In the forage-cap he looked positively funny, and humor never subjected a rebellious people or pushed forward new boundary-lines.

Sam Johnson had on a forage-cap and a discarded military blouse, as a preliminary step, no doubt, to enlisting in the colored troops and dividing his bounty with Captain Woodson. He was still loyal to Miss Addie, though, for he was now running ahead of the big black horse and garrulously describing the wonders of the camp to his young mistress.

"Has you seed dem big hoss-cannons, Miss Addie? Dey shoots 'em wid a string. Dey jess yank on dat string, and she let loose all ter once—whoosh!—an' bumby you boun' to hear somefin' bu'st away off yander, 'bout fo'teen miles."

"Yes, Sam, I know all about it. But you say Cadogan was brought into camp by Captain Woodson."

"Yass, dass w'at I said. De cappen, he went out to Hugh Mallon's ter spa-a-k Miss Lucy, an' I fergit to tell 'im 'bout dat sojer w'at was out dere, an' de fust circumstance dat I seed, de cappen come out o' dat house laik he done got some bizness down ter camp torreckly. Mow, he jess walk away from dat house."

"Did Cadogan shoot at him?"

"No-o-o, not erzackly; it seem like he got 'er all loaded an' den change up his min'. But de cappen he didn' wait to ax any questions. He seem ter wantter git back to camp most s'prisin' bad."

"I am ashamed of you, Sam, for associating with such a man."

"Das jess so, Miss Addie. De cappen is a low-downer, but it's war times, an' even de niggers gotter 'sociate wid dese fellers."

"And then Woodson went back and arrested Cadogan for aiming a gun at him, did he?"

"Jess so, an' now he got 'im in the gyard-house. Dey been put me in dar las' week, an' made me cut 'bout fo'teen cowds ob wood fer de kitchen 'fore dey let me out. Heah 'tis, right around dis cornder, on de side-hill."

Thus talking, they came full upon the scene we left in the last chapter. Miss Addie made a startling picture as she pulled up her steed and looked down at the group.

The surgeon yet stood with Woodson's sword in his hand. Campbell was leaning against a tree, sobbing with that terrific grief which, in strong men, pent up for years, when at last it asserts sway over the great nature, tears away obstructions of shame or reticence like a mountain-torrent. His hand had bound the cruel cords. His massive strength had torn down that slender form. He had bound the bayonet in the soft, womanish lips, and he sobbed in anguish of heart: "Forgive me, oh! forgive me, my comrade and my brother." In front of his victim stood Woodson. Who can measure the minute generosity or meanness of a fellow-being? Was his face white with fear, or was there any remorse as he considered the sudden end of his pursuit and hate? White he was, and tremulous as with age as the inspiration of drink left him.

In the centre of the group crouched the form of Cadogan—the knees beneath the chin as he was bound, and the arms clasped about the legs in the

rigidity of death, never to be relaxed. The eyes were yet open, but glassy.

Addie sprang from her horse, and tossing the lines to Sam, came and stood in front of Cadogan, and said, in a plaintive voice:

“Cadogan, you said a day would come when I might rise to a plane of such perfect love that all desire of hampering your upward flight would be taken away. Then you said I might come. See, Cadogan, I have left my home; I have left maiden shame. I have left the pride of life, and come to be your pupil in the lore of Heaven. I am only the child of a despised race. I forsake all, Cadogan, O king of men; I am here to claim your promise. Why do you not speak? There is no expression in your eyes. Let me touch your face—it is cold. Oh, God, what is this?”

All faces were turned aside, and a gentle tremor ran through the group. I read when a boy of a scene in the Arctic, where the sailors shot one by one the cubs of a female polar bear. She tried to call the dead. They responded not. Then she came back, turned them over, and sniffed curiously at their wounds. Death was a wonder to her, but at last, when she comprehended the mystery of death and her loss, she turned to seek the spoiler of her affections.

Addie Johnson stood beside Cadogan, with her hand resting on his brown curls, and her eyes slowly roved over the group. One by one she searched the sympathetic faces about her until she fixed her gaze on Woodson.

At first wonderingly, then with a searching look, as though trying to comprehend a deep psychologi-

cal problem. Then she spoke in a deep, hollow tone, changed within the minute:

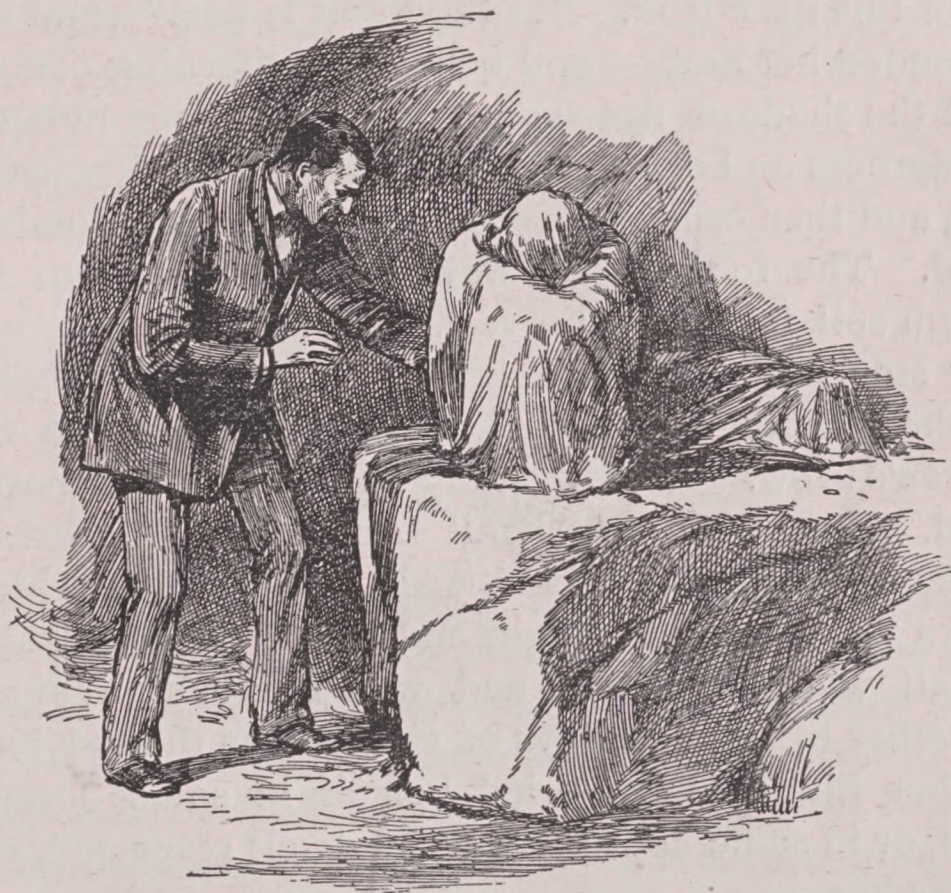
"I am mistress of the Hall, yonder. My brother is dead, and I am alone. I shall dispose of myself as I wish, and I trust my wishes will be respected. I shall be buried with this man. My heart is broken, and my curse will follow him who thwarts my wishes. We shall be together, as he promised. Captain Woodson, I am wondering how God lets such moles and vermin as you crawl into the life of such a man as this; but a serpent sometimes fastens its fangs into the breast of the eagle, and it topples down from the fleecy clouds or the highest crags, a victim to a reptile."

She approached and stood before him, and continued:

"The great and good are ever the objects of the hate of such as you. It is not death alone that loves a shining mark, but every mote has a power to intercept a small ray of the sunlight, and you, murderer, reptile, hateful polluter of God's atmosphere, could kill this king among common men."

She hissed out her last words, and struck Woodson full in the face with her riding-whip. Was it a blow directed by a Nemesis? Ghastly white and red flowed down his cheeks, and he groped with his hands. *His eyes were cut out by the silken lash.* Addie knew not of the condign punishment she had inflicted, but turned to walk back to the side of Cadogan. A shriek rung out on the forest-echo, so vibrant, so piercing, that a thousand men held their breath in the camp. Horses neighed in sympathy, and birds for an instant quenched their songs. Addie Johnson was dead beside the man she loved.

Striding along the side-hill, leaning for support at times on a staff of oak, came the majestic form of Myra. Sam took off his cap and stood in abject fear. The officers and soldiers drew aside and awaited her errand with curiosity. She directed her steps instantly to the ghastly group in the middle of the



“THE RIGID FORM WAS LAID AWAY.”

circle. There she leaned on her staff and looked down for a time in silence. No tear bedewed her cheek. No revenge shone in her eye. She understood it all. She turned and said, musingly, to the listeners:

“They call me prophetess and voodoo. I knew something of the charms of the midnight workings

of the race to which I belong, but here was a man who held the influences of the stars at his command. Here was one who understood all speech, and before whose imperious voice all the chambers of secret knowledge were opened. I knew his power. This is my daughter here. What, you start? She found her life beneath this heart. That fair cheek drew its tides from this dark skin. But the night is past"—and she extended her arm—"and behold the morning cometh and the shadows flee away. We shall enter now the wilderness and commence our forty years of wandering, and then come the corn and wine of the promised land. The foot of the war-horse will tear up the tough soil for a new harvest. Farewell, Addie," and she stooped and kissed her. "Farewell, O prophet of the brighter dawn," and she laid her hand on Cadogan's brow. "Farewell, my home; I have no native land. Bury them together." And with no backward look, but with Sam, bareheaded, following behind, Myra went out of the sight and out of the cognizance of all who knew her, and was never seen again. Whether in the new days of change she drifted back to her kindred, or buried herself in some obscure spot, or in some Eastern city she dwelt respected, was never known.

It was a labor of love for Campbell and the general to carry out the wishes of Cadogan at his obsequies. The rigid form was never straightened, but, carefully prepared in all ways as had been directed, it was laid away in the grotto at Hugh Mallon's. On the dais beside the body of Cadogan reposed the beautiful form of Addie Johnson, and for miles the swains and maidens would come to pick a flower from the grotto whose story was known to all. As Cadogan had said,

the zephyrs played through the iron grating, and leaves, blown by the wind, eddied about the cavern. On the body of the sleeper Campbell had found the letter to be opened at the end of six months. Would it tell from whence he came? Would it reveal his past career or his wonderful attainments? Would it speak of a home, or friends, or relatives? Perhaps; but in the meantime it was held sacred, and even the general would not ask to break the seal until the time specified by the writer should expire. One more picture, and the story of the knapsack will be told. Bear with us longer.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHICKAMAUGA.

THE camp of instruction is a miniature city. In a week its business centres are established and its avenues are located. In two weeks its streets are beaten hard and ring beneath the footfalls. In a month it has its *café*, its hospital, its business houses, and its wide avenue for the *élite*—the officers—and far away it has its suburb, where games of chance and its brisk fistic encounters are celebrated. It has also by this time its cemetery. Near by, on some secluded knoll, a few mounds of red earth and a few white-painted boards, lettered in black, tell the sad story that in peace and war, in camp and city, the dread mower goes his rounds and leaves his swath of fallen grain. Likewise this city has its laws and its rulers, as well as its police force. It stirs at five in the morning at the call of the bugle, and then performs its

toilette to the accompaniment of the reveille on fife and drum. It extinguishes its lights at nine in the evening as suddenly as if it had known of the electric light and the engine of the plant had stopped. It is the best city in the world during the night. No stragglers creep along its streets, and no bacchanalian song desecrates its quiet; for the police of these streets carry muskets, and in the moonlight the glimmer of a bayonet admonishes the unruly that a law is in force here that awaits no parley and admits no argument. This city of canvas is marvelous in its flight. No Aladdin ever moved a palace so quickly as this city moves. At sundown it had its streets, its stores, its clinking shops, its scenes of revelry. At daylight the ground where it stood is marked by a few fragments of lumber, a few discarded huts and garments, and some smoldering embers of neglected fires. A dog prowls about the silent scene seeking refuse food. A few colored women turn over, with a view to appropriation, the frayed coats and the tattered blankets on the streets. But the cemetery remains, and the broken hearts of a few maidens who certainly have not loved wisely if with fervency. All the interchange of thought, all the gentle helpfulness, all the brief experience of love, all the piquancy and life, are gone with the cloth city which moved before daylight in the morning.

Rosecrans now had an army. In the massed troops individuality is for a time lost. Miles of loaded wagons. Sixty thousand men in three army corps. Six thousand cavalry, and a hundred and fifty field-pieces of artillery.

Bragg also has an army. He has also been preparing for the Northern invasion. He has Shelbyville

fortified with earth-works five miles in length. He has Tullahoma fortified, and a *cheval-de-frise* of oaken forest, felled and sharpened in each limb, to cover all the dense forest and swamp. But behold, Rosecrans comes to the redoubtable works of Shelbyville, and making a feint of attacking, he flanks the position and goes on. What is this new strategy? Bragg is nonplussed. Tullahoma will stop Rosecrans, at any rate. Not at all; he flanks it and goes on, and Bragg flees southward, leaving stores at Shelbyville, stores at Tullahoma. What a Fourth of July to celebrate with booming cannon! Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Tullahoma. Then the rapid flight of Bragg into East Tennessee, and Rosecrans' army clambering over the Cumberland Mountains in hot pursuit. Up the University Road, where cannon are dragged over precipice and crag with ropes and by hand, while the horses are led about an easy way. The loaded wagons were pushed over the mountains by the men, and then comes the crossing of the Tennessee River on pontoons, with the brief investment of the City of Chattanooga. This Rosecrans must be matched, must be repulsed, or the Confederacy will fall. Tennessee has sustained an army, we must now sustain Tennessee. It is September, and the army of Rosecrans is about to seize and hold East Tennessee. September 1st Bragg has 40,000 men. September 19th he has 80,000. All night the trains rumble and roar, and in the forest Longstreet marshals the re-enforcements from Virginia. Up from dismantled Vicksburg comes the remnant of its Confederate defenders. On the morning of September 19th, 1863, both armies were taken by surprise. It was mutual, therefore not fatal. Had one army been ready and the other unready, it would

have been fatal to one of those armies. Neither army was ready. Both were thunderstruck at the sudden meeting. It was in a dense forest, where no line could be seen forty rods away. Neither knew the ground. It was the nightmare of war. It was a jubilee of Satan, a carnival of death. Only to stand up and fire. Only to stand up and die. Mad charges were made, which only paved the floor of the forest with dead and dying men. Whole divisions of the armies were isolated and cut to pieces without form, order, or semblance of strategy. Brigades fought until ammunition failed; then were sent back to inquire of dead generals what to do next, and their messengers found Rebel troops where the generals were seen last. A brigade of Union troops are resting, and a division of Rebel troops file across their front as if on parade, with colors yet unfurled and marching by fours at the right flank. They are annihilated, and die in finding out their mistake. Rosecrans is everywhere, trying to form his broken line. Garfield, his chief of staff, rides to and fro amid the pandemonium. The Ninth Ohio charge and retake a Union battery. Then in changing front the battery is left to again fall into Rebel hands. A battery of Parrott guns stands in an open spot with every horse shot dead, and the dead artillerists, with swab-sticks and buckets and shells in their hands, about the limbers and across the trails. Oh, it was maddening—just kill, kill, only kill. Thirty-two thousand killed and wounded in this two days of struggle. One man in that terrific slaughter became immortal—Thomas. History writes him the Rock of Chickamauga. Where he sat down with the Fourteenth Corps, to hold the key to Chattanooga, he remained two days.

When the re-enforced Rebel army hurled all its strength and weight upon him, he sat and waited. His regiments covered the hill-sides with dead, not wounded, for the wounded fought until they died. Still he waited, and bade his aids carry with their own hands the cartridges to his dwindling regiments. Companies, with officers all dead, turned and looked at the serene old face, and then fought on. Half his men gone, he merely shortened his line that much. Outflanked, he merely bent on his wings until, in a horseshoe form, his feeble remnant of an army held out. Send Pat Cleburne to crush that little band. Hurrah! they come up charging and shouting. The men about Thomas are beyond shouting; they are in the sublime mood of enduring. They ravel out with deadly aim the long line of Cleburne, and some of his regiments never form again. Longstreet sends the pride of his army, at sunset of the second day, to finish the exhausted army corps. They meet, they mingle; Rebel troops, for a moment, ask curious questions of Union men they are face to face with. A Rebel soldier drinks from a Union soldier's canteen in the gloaming, before the gray of his uniform is seen, and he falls pierced by a bullet. Then comes a relief of Granger's reserves. Steedman bravely assists. Thomas is not beaten, and it is nightfall. Has my description been hard to understand? It is more, far more, coherent than was the battle. Chattanooga was saved, Bragg had not annihilated the army of Rosecrans, and it was nightfall.

On the plateau defended by the corps of Thomas were a few cultivated fields amid the forest. Wrenched from the unwilling soil, yellow and obdurate, some of the poorer farmers had maintained life with the corn

and wheat and potatoes grown in these openings. The historic field where fell a score of Union and Confederate officers was marked by the mounds made by coal-pits where, in peaceful days, charcoal had been burned for the Chattanooga markets. These mounds, scarcely raised above the surrounding surface, had been eagerly sought by the soldiers of both sides as a protection from the terrific hail of lead of the second day. Here, in this field of the coal-pits, the ground was about equally covered with Rebel and Union dead. Successive charges and repulses had sown the ground with blue and gray as the furrows are sowed with grain. At one side was a log barn or house of some cheap construction, and this was used as a field-hospital. In the only momentary lull of the scream of shells or rush of grape and canister, a sound of such mingled agony and fear came from that building as would blanch the cheek that had not paled before in the carnage. Here was grouped the surgical talent of the battle-field. Come ye who pale when in some silent room a gentle but efficient surgeon, with a smile, prepares the glittering instruments of his craft, and then, with gentle hand, inflicts his pain. Behold the field-hospital, with its surgeons bare-armed and dripping blood. A moment only is given to an operation on which a life depends. A gasp, and the saw is no longer plied. The patient is beyond all kindly help. As the white bandage is wrapped, the hand is stayed for a moment and the head is ducked. A solid shot has gone astray in its undirected way and plows through the shattered logs. Blood is everywhere, and pain seems the heritage of a race. There are no cots in this hospital. Some fortunate men have for pillows empty

ammunition-boxes covered with their coats. Some lie along the puncheon floor as they were dropped by their comrades, with their eyes staring up at the rafters and their lips mumbling a prayer. God must pity us in our earth experience.

One of these forms we should know. It is a robust, manly form, and as it lies, without support of pillow, the chest protrudes in a startling way. A negro kneels beside him and holds a canteen to his lips. After drinking he speaks:

"How did I get here, Sam?"

"I toted you, sergeant. I seed you pitch forward when Willich's rigiment made dat charge. I was a sorter stayin' in reserve back by dat pile of knapsacks. Sergeant, I hope I may nebber die ef I couldn't ketch a bushel of lead a minute ef I had a sheet-iron basket 'bout dat time."

"And you carried me off, did you, Sam? You are a brave nigger, Sam. Give me your hand."

"Much obleeged, sergeant; but I guess I ain' gwine mek much ob a sojer. I owns de cawn. Now, if I was wuckin' fer de Gub'ment ter-day, I boun' ter take a holiday ef dey docks me a week."

"Where are you hit, my man?" asks the voice of a surgeon down near Campbell's feet.

He turns his eyes downward and answers:

"Somewhere about my shoulder, and I am very weak—losing blood, I guess."

Stepping around to his side, the surgeon tenderly rips open the blouse, cuts open the shirt with his scissors, and lifts the arm. A look of horror creeps over his face, used as he is to awful sights. Then he looks into Campbell's face and says:

"Have you any idea how bad you are wounded?"

"No, sir," says Campbell, coolly.

"You have only five minutes to live. Your shoulder-blade and shoulder are torn away by a shell, and nothing can save you. God bless you, poor fellow. What company and regiment shall I write you down?"

"Campbell, Company H, Thirty-fifth," said he, with a sigh.

The surgeon made a note of it and passed on. Sam was sobbing.

"Stop that, Sam. Be a man. Put your hand into my breast and unbuckle my money-belt. Keep the money, but carry those letters back to Triune and give them to Hugh Mallon. One of them is Cado-gan's letter. Some one should read it. Care for the letter, Sam." Then, after a pause, he asked: "Sam, did you ever pray?"

"Lots of times; but, Lordy, sergeant, I ain' been doin' much at it since de wah. Seems laik my 'ligion was all broke up."

"Never mind, just get off a simple little prayer to yourself and hold my hand, and when you squeeze it I will say 'Amen.' God won't sort the prayers very close in a hurrying time like this, and you can be as sincere as a fifteen-hundred-dollar chaplain. How dark it is getting! Are you praying? I don't hear a word. Amen. Good-by, Sam."

The torn breast heaved once convulsively, and then a great, generous heart ceased to beat. A few minutes later the lines shifted, and the harpies of the army came into the hospital and turned inside out the pockets of the dead and dying. A blow from the butt of a carbine felled Sam to the floor, and when the money-belt was emptied, the letters were torn

open one by one and tossed upon the log-fire in front of the hospital. Among the rest Cadogan's letter was tossed into the fire, and the last link which bound the mystery of his life to common men was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

REST A MOMENT.

HUGH MALLON stopped his story. I leaned forward and said:

"It is a strange, weird tale. It is sad, also, and I can hardly sit still and hear you say you know no more of Cadogan's story. But, the general, the companion of Cadogan in his occult studies, why did he not come back and unravel the history of his life?"

"General —— was assassinated by guerrillas near Newmarket, Ala., in the summer of 18—,* as you will discover in any history of the war," said Mallon, gravely.

"And you never knew anything more of Cadogan's antecedents or his family, or the cause of his strange life or studies?" I asked.

"I have told you all I ever knew or surmised of the strange romance which took place here in the summer of '63, while the Union forces were encamped at this place for instruction," said Mallon.

"Your kindness and attention in his last illness seem to have fixed the memory of Cadogan so in your heart that you almost regard him in the light of a son," I said. Mallon nodded his head in affirmation.

* We strain the dates somewhat here.—AUTHORS.

"At the same time Cadogan seemed to hold himself aloof from entangling affections, and steeled his heart to resist even the love of woman. Had he lived, he would still have pursued his strange studies, and torn himself from all softer or tenderer fellowships," and I looked triumphantly at Lucy Mallon, on whose cheeks burned the red color of excitement. I wished to put my fortune to the test, and went on: "While some less-gifted man, with a heart all human, might not attempt such spiritual flights, but would be satisfied with God's best gift to man—a woman's love—and let the mysteries of life go."

Lucy arose to leave the room, but turned at the door and shot this Parthian arrow:

"Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse, to sympathize with clay."

"Yes," I cried after her; "but Tennyson had been sadly sacked, and later on made a prosaic marriage."

The door was slammed in mimic wrath, and I knew that I had won a step forward in my wooing.

"But, Mr. Mallon," I said, "what became of Sam, the colored man, who was mixed up in the romance?"

"The very individual I am looking at out of the window now. He runs a pair of mules and wagon to the depot to carry passengers and the mails, and he has left the main road and is coming toward the house with three passengers on board. I wonder what it means?" said the old man.

With much flourishing of whip and voice, the carry-all was swung up to the door, and Sam said:

"Heah you is, gemman. Fo' bits, a half-dollah, or

two quahtahs pays de bill. Dem's the wagon-pull-inest mules in de cyounty. Bring up yo' trunks in de mawnin'."

"Ha!" said I. "Sam, were you in the war?"

"Was I *in* de wah? Sah, I was *froo* de wah. Go 'long, Jane Ann. Ast Mr. Mallon; he knows. I was wid Ginerall Rosecrans at Chickamauga. Come up, John Henry. Good day, sah; de mail boun' ter be on time."

The three passengers were standing in a group. The most prominent was a florid English tourist. You need ask no questions about him. He had on a checked traveling-suit, and a pair of thick walking-shoes which looked as if leather and nails were much cheaper in England than with us. He had on a comical cap of checked cloth, which gave him the appearance of an American hostler as to head-gear. He had a glass inserted in his left eye, and was scrutinizing the house with much curiosity. He was large, florid, and healthy looking. He handed Mr. Mallon a card:

ARTHUR CRESTLAKE,

LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON.

The second person was an East-Indian. This, also, was evident at a glance. He was about five feet four inches in height, and slender. His eyes were bright, black, and twinkling. From whatever way you approached him you seemed to notice nothing but those eyes. His dress was conventional, though somehow the black alpaca trousers, satin vest, and seersucker coat looked as if turned out by a tailor at Calcutta and first worn in the presence of a rajah in some office in a palace up the country. He took out a gold card

case and handed Mr. Mallon a scented card, printed on pressed silk, and it read:

SAKYA HUMI,

BOMBAY.

The third man at last was touched upon the shoulder, and he lifted a pair of green goggles from his eyes and revealed one of those horrible sights which the law demands shall be kept covered, in mercy and consideration for the feelings of the public. Both his eyes were gone, and only the red, cavernous sockets reminded the observer of the ghastly loss. Mallon turned and led the way into the house, where the frugal evening meal was being spread by the deft hands of Lucy. After the evening meal, when pipes were lighted, we sat down about the glowing wood fire and three stories were told by the three strangers, and at midnight much light had been thrown on the curious career of Cadogan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S STORY.

“I AM here because at Triune was lost a thread which, however slender, had been the means of secretly binding a wonderful and mysterious man to those who may or may not have had strong reasons for loving and caring for the wanderer. Here, Mr. Mallon, the thread snapped and I now stand at the end of the clew. I am an attorney and counselor-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, City, America—or, properly, the United States—is in the future to be the field of romance for

several reasons. One is, that it has been the reservoir of the strange and heterogeneous happenings of the civilized world. It has been the asylum of the out-cast and the wounded of older civilizations. If we stop to consider a moment, we shall recall the fact that it has not always been the commonplace or ignorant who have been exiles on these shores. Louis Napoleon had, I understand, a cigar-shop in your metropolis of New York. A French king lived for a time on a New Jersey farm, and Garibaldi was a toiler at a dollar a day in a factory in one of your slums. As a home for the oppressed the United States has entertained many angels unawares, who afterward soared away on silver pinions.

"In 1856 there was interjected into American society a strange and mysterious man. From whence he came no one knew. His previous history none could tell. He was a strangely beautiful man, with large, expressive eyes and a tender, womanish mouth. Those who saw him turned again to look, and if they were of a literary turn of mind they remarked a wonderful similarity to the steel-plate pictures of Lord Byron. Byron's pictures, like those of your great first President, Washington, all look alike. I do not know that this stranger ever claimed to be a son of Lord Byron; probably not. Some have said that through New York bankers he received money from Newstead Abbey. As a lawyer I make no admissions; I only tell what was said in newspaper gossip at the time. This man had some traits peculiar to Lord Byron. He was an intense lover of liberty, and was Quixotic in his plans and acts. He entered into the Kansas excitement of 1856, and was known as Colonel Richard Rolfe. Let us say that was his name—Rolfe. He

was brave as the proverbial English lion, and in those terrible days of Kansas riot and bloodshed a lurid track of brave deeds and self-sacrificing acts marked his career. He went farther, and, like Byron at Missolonghi, Greece, he dreamed of a republic to rise up out of the ashes of a slave oligarchy. He was the lieutenant of that mad though gentle enthusiast, John Brown, and, in the dream of the fanatic, Rolfe figured as the Secretary of State in the plans of a government to be founded on the frail base of a freed mob of bondmen. He was with Brown in that insane raid at Harper's Ferry, and when the hot bubble, rising on the steam of political excitement, burst and John Brown died, the last to admit defeat was Rolfe. Gentlemen, I am only a lawyer, but I tell you that those mad enthusiasts wrote the first chapter in the history of universal freedom. This Rolfe was also as bright a poet as the one he resembled. In camp and bivouac he sent out plaintive battle-calls and inspiring anthems of hope which will cling to your language and literature as long as they exist. In more favorable circumstances he would have stamped his name on the age, as did he whom he was said to resemble. I recall a bugle-song of the Kansas camps, which commences,

“ ‘All night within our guarded tents,
Until the moon was low,
Wrapped round as with Jehovah's smile,
We waited for the foe.

“He became a journalist, and stood out for a time a marvel of wit, and a wonder of concentration of thought and clearness of perception. As I trace him through his erratic career I find him possessed of the same curse of volatility noticed in Byron. At times

no monk more austere in deportment, no cloistered dreamer with more elated conceptions of purity or manly nobility; but then again he became a fallen angel and revelled in debauchery, and consorted with the low and vile. There are hints of broken marriage-vows and insane revels which broke loving hearts. At last I find him in the Western army, seeking a higher and better life. I hear of him as a wonder of purity and a dreamer of the perfection of the human race. Finally there comes a time when no longer are drafts made on the New York bankers, and the law firm in London is not called upon to forward bills of exchange. Under the name of Cadogan this strange being is laid in a Southern grave, and as a lawyer and counsellor I am here to verify his death. Mind, gentlemen, I admit nothing. This Rolfe, or Cadogan, may have been born in a workhouse, may have had no living relative, but he had friends; and if any of you are in possession of facts which will go to show that Rolfe the poet and Cadogan the dreamer and soldier are one, and that the one I describe is dead, I am willing to pay for information, or if no pay is desired, I am very grateful for favors received. I am a man of business and of few words. Will you hand me the tobacco? I wish to replenish my pipe."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EAST-INDIAN'S STORY.

"IN every age of the world there have been select and masterful minds dissatisfied with the conclusions arrived at by the masses in reference to spirit-

ual things. Questions have arisen which ordinary logic or commonplace evidence could not answer. It is only necessary to speak of a few. Is there an independently existing soul in man? Science has never found evidence that there is. Can the soul, or spirit, of man for a time leave the body, visit distant places, and return to its habitation? Science laughs at such a question. Can two sympathetic souls hold converse while their bodies are miles apart? Science calls the very question puerile and an insult to reason. Is what we call death a separation of soul and body, or does death terminate experience? Science is respectful in her answer, but says that this universal belief is a chimera born of longing for a continued existence. In all ages of the world, I say, men have existed who have made these questions the study of their lives, and they answer to every question: 'Yes, man has a spirit independently existing; that spirit can leave the body and return; two of these spirits may hold converse though their bodies be miles apart, and death is the separation of an unimpaired and perfect spirit from a decaying body.'

"These questions are noticeable for their spontaneous promulgation all over the world. They are asked in China, in India, in Persia, in Palestine, simultaneously. The query then comes, not from education; it is inherent in the race and sporadic in its appearance. You will be astonished when I tell you that, since the dawn of time, these select minds among men were in correspondence and sympathy with each other. As, in some foretold conjunction of the planets, observers are placed all over the world to report on differing aspects of the phenomenon, so all over the world this brotherhood of students took note

of the advance of spiritual science. Confucius, Buddha, or Mohammed might dream alone, but their dreams added to the store of thought. In my native India was the centre of this occult study. For ages in the caves of the Himalayas have lived the *Brothers*. You call them adepts, proficient, masters. They were the wise men who came from the East when the Jewish Messiah was born. From the mountain-tops, where the dawn first touched with its light, they saw the coming of a new Teacher. We hold even that the Paul of the new religion belonged to this brotherhood, and that when the Christ said to his pupils: 'To you it is given to know the secrets of the kingdom,' he intimated that they were adepts in this occult study of the ages.

"To what have we attained in the garnering of the fruit of ages of thought? To this: We communicate with each other when thousands of miles apart. Thought flashes from mind to mind, as electricity flies from cloud to cloud. Missives are written and transmitted through space unseen, and materialized at their destination as blades of grass materialize from dew and sunshine. The evidence of the existence of spirit has been verified by voluntary exits of the soul from its tenement and the empty house waiting with all its involuntary functions, as breathing, circulation of the blood, and production of animal heat, going on perfectly without the assistance of the spirit, until that spirit returns to set in motion the voluntary muscles and again resume the mastership of the body. To prove the immortality of the spirit, it may forever remain away from its earthly tenement and allow it to fall into decay. In 1840 there came to us in our cave-dwellings a man who sought to perfect

himself in occult study. His name was Cadogan. I see you look startled at the date I give, as you have called Cadogan a young man. One of the simplest arts known to our cult is the arrest of the decays of age. Without doubt in 1840, Cadogan looked of the same age that he did in 1863. I have no idea how old he was. He was a petitioner to us for further light in occult study, but on examination we found him a master and our superior. He had conceived the vast and stupendous thought of gathering into one mind the spiritual stores of the whole world. We, in our egotism, had been satisfied to sit down and follow our thread of truth from age to age with only hints by correspondence with congenial minds in all lands. This Cadogan had started with the project of learning the habits of plants and flowers; then devoting himself to the next step of creation—the animal world—he could call the birds in their own tones, and with a note of love make the bounding steed stoop for his caress, and even the tiger of the jungle recognized in him a master. Then he had stood naked in the voodoo rites of Africa and bore a chieftain's brand on his white flesh. He had learned the Persian's tongue, and had felt the thrill of the greeting song of dawn in their sun-worship. He had rested with a band of pilgrims at the shrine of Mecca, and had studied the concealed truths of the Koran. In the ice-huts of the North he had studied the hints of immortality in the rude wooden *lares* and *penates* of the Esquimaux. Himself a follower of the Nazarene, he had culled the religious truths of advanced civilization. Then he came to us and wore the coarse robe of a neophyte for seven years, before we dared to open to him the evidences of immortality we had accumulated through

the ages. After ten years of study, he stood among us the master-mind, the marvel of India, the ruler over mental powers, a king of men. My English friend, this was not the erratic wanderer you seek. This man was as pure as the winter sunlight on a glacier. Transparent as the springs of my native mountains, and as free from human passions as the white rose of our valleys, he could not have been the man he was and live an unclean life. The wisdom of the ages is concentrated in this, 'Virtue is power, vice is weakness.' In every relation of life strength is found in virtue. Why am I here? Seven years ago the upper currents of the air brought to us a message. It was a death-note. It exhaled a sigh of agony. It was definite only in this—it came from the camps of the American army. It spoke of a later message, which never came. For seven years I have followed the fragments of that army, but get no definite clew as to that further message. I come now to the scene of his agony and death. I am here to find the clew to that concealed and wondrous life. I could tell of yet more wonderful secrets hidden in our lore of the ages, but you would stand aghast and doubt. I may have a theory as to who this man was before he became absorbed in occult study. I might hint at a throne discarded, and the tinsel trappings of modern greatness renounced for a greater mission, but you would disbelieve. To-day there wait a few of the Brothers in every land to hear the completion of the wondrous story. What would have been the conclusion arrived at by this superlative student, what the world loses by his silence, this I ponder. I am done."

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLIND MAN'S STORY.

“ I AM *the murderer of Cadogan*. I am blind. In the hour in which his soul left his tortured body I was struck blind as if the wrath of Heaven had found a way to give me the mark of Cain, while my heart was yet thrilling with the remorse of a useless and brutal crime. I perceive a motion of repugnance among you, though I cannot see. I find no fault with that expression of righteous anger. I have become accustomed to it by seven years of similar experience. I have sometimes become aware of it by reproaches, and often by the avoidance of my society by those who know my history. I left the army because my very life became a burden to me there. Brother officers shunned me as they would a leper, and my entrance into their society was a signal for instant cessation of talk, and one by one they would arise and go away until I was left alone. In the military hospital, where I went for treatment, my story had preceded me, and my wounds were a mark of shame instead of honor. How willingly would I have exchanged my sightless eyes for the shapeless bulk of some brave, helpless man, denuded of his limbs like a stump denuded of its branches! How willingly would I have gone down the path of life, led by kind hands, could I have blotted out the record of my shame! I courted the investigation of a court-martial, and would have welcomed any punishment that would have seemed to expiate my needless crime and cruelty.

When others marched home with flaunting banners at the return of peace, I stood at a street corner jostled by the crowd, and listened to the bands playing the airs which had inspired my feeble steps as I marched through four States of the Union behind that same flag which I heard fluttering in the breeze. My worn uniform became a reproach, and I sought a plainer garb which would excite no questioning. In my native town the story of my crime was village gossip, and my own kindred turned away from me in silent contempt. I became a wanderer on the face of the earth, and listened to poorly-told stories of brave struggles I had participated in, and dared say no word though my heart thrilled with pride. In my poverty I sought no guerdon or pension from a government I had helped to save, for my claim and history would be a shameful exposure. Draw nearer to me now, for I feel that you begin to pity me—my punishment was greater than I could bear. In my slumbers at night the accusing waxen features of the dead forever drooped upon the cramped knees, and the white teeth grinned forever in a ghoulish smile. I awoke with cold sweat on my shivering face, and my eager hands trying to undo the fatal bonds—that is the curse of a remorseful dream, gentlemen. I am ever hurrying now to cut those cords and lift up that fainting, drooping head in hope to save a life that went out seven years ago. It is the everlasting regret, gentlemen, the feeling fostered by a dream that I may hurry back to the guard tent and undo the cursed thongs that played me false, and then the wakening, the dull pain of a fixed and eternal fact—perhaps that is my hell already commenced. I was no worse than many others. Perhaps some of you who

are more brilliant and educated than I, can tell me how men are led on to commit crime. I have studied so much on the incidents which led up to that fatal hour. What is there in man that grows on what it feeds upon until man revels in cruelty? Is there a devil, and can he possess men? You strike a child, a weak, helpless child, and it does not resist—it cowers, it cries feebly; a spot of blood appears on the little face, it angers you, there is something in its helplessness that accuses you, you strike it down, you crush and mangle it, the little features are unrecognizable and the fact of the irrevocableness of the act makes you a demon and the scene becomes the playground of a fiend. Men point to it and say it is wonderful in its horror, and it is more wonderful in review to the murderer of innocence than to the onlooker. Have we still in us the lifeblood of the beasts who were our progenitors and steps in the ladder of our elevation, and sometimes does the old fever of the jungle and the mountain cave break out in our blood? God knows. The face of this gentle Cadogan was a reproach and taunt to me. I hated the gentility of his manner. Every tone of his sweet voice was to me the cruelest taunt. One look from his pure open eye was as sharp in my heart as a sword thrust. What right had he, a private soldier, to be my recognized superior? Why should my men obey my harsh commands with alacrity, but answer his desires with their affectionate acquiescence? When I struck him he only looked out of those great pleading baby eyes with a look of suffering. When I hurled him to the ground he still arose my superior, for *he* was not angry. I could have leaped upon him and torn him limb from limb, and every fragment of his gentle

manhood would have been superior to me and a standing reproach. My nature was of that base kind which seeks to tear all virtue down to its plane rather than to imitate the perfect and climb to its level. There is an idea here about the crucifixion of Christ, but I am not deep enough to explain it. I did not intend to kill the man—perhaps it would have come to that anyway, though. I had reached that lust of cruelty felt by the boatswain who learned to love the swish of the lash and the splash of the falling drops of blood, or the manager of the guillotine who would not lose the privilege of his cursed craft for a kingdom. Well, he died, and I became a Pariah on the earth. I have repented in sackcloth of memory and ashes of blighted hopes. I carry in my darkened mind the picture on which I last looked, and never until in eternity shall new visions open on my eyes. You can say nothing to augment my sorrow, you can do nothing to alleviate my pain. I am here because his grave is here, and because near here is the spot which knew me an honorable man and a soldier. In this house also, I understand, he left as a memento his knapsack.”

“His knapsack?” echoed the East Indian and the Englishman in one voice.

“Yes; there it hangs upon the wall,” said Mallon.

“What is in it?” asked the Englishman.

“I have never opened it,” answered the old man.

“Never opened it! Why, it may contain the history of his life—the revelation of his last wishes,” said the excited adept.

“I have said it should never be meddled with. I have held it as a pledge of my love and fealty to one whom I loved as a son, but now that those most in-

terested are here, and may never come again, I yield; take it down, Lucy," said Hugh Mallon.

"I cannot," said Lucy, covering her face.

"I will, then. I am a practical man of business and wish to sift the evidence as to the personality of this man," said the tall lawyer, as he laid away his pipe. Reaching up, he disengaged the knapsack from its peg, and brushing off the cobwebs of seven years' rest, laid it on the table and opened it.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE KNAPSACK AGAIN.

THERE is something holy about the trifles which once constituted the properties and adornments of a personality. Is there a hint of the resurrection in the affection which binds the heart to a coarse red baby stocking, or the flattened and faded petals of a flower now long scentless in its privacy between the leaves of a forgotten book? Nothing inheres in it but a memory and the memory only of one or a few; then there is no individuality to it only as it appeals to some other soul. I suppose the sexton tosses as merrily the ashes of the cemetery as he would the clay of the meadows; but still, in some far country churchyard, may be a little mound which even he has adorned with flowers. Impious hands opened the tomb of Charlemagne and commented on the golden crown that adorned a skeleton and skull, but the ones who loved the dust and had held it sacred were themselves long with the silent sleepers. Perhaps in the morning of the resurrection we shall

depend upon the affection which shall find us by the magnet of love.

The straps of the knapsack which they eagerly loosened had been pulled into place on a May morning seven years before. The uniform coat which they unfolded and shook out had still depending from its pocket the coarse but clean handkerchief of the soldier. Its buttons were now green in spots. One by one the garments which revealed so clearly the pure personality of their owner were lifted out and laid reverently on the table. A kingdom, an estate, a life is revealed by a soldier's knapsack. Here is the button board and chalk for the polishing of the gilded buttons. Here is the blacking for the shoes. Here in a neat case are the thread and needles for the repair of garments. Here is the razor, comb and brush for the toilet. Here is a portfolio with paper, envelopes, pens, stamps and the curious hard rubber inkstand, found ready for use. Here is a bundle of letters addressed in English but written in all languages. Over these the lawyer ponders for a time, but he cannot read them. He is startled to find that some of them emanated from the courts of kings. He studies the monograms, and then looks up to find the black, twinkling eyes of the East Indian fixed upon him. He nods his head and says :

"Yes, the Brotherhood has its students everywhere. Cadogan knew only men. Kings and peasants, beggars or councillors were only men to him. He was a citizen of the world. Let me see those letters."

Humi took them in his hand and picked out a missive written on the transparent silken paper of the East and pointed to his own signature with a smile.

"Look in the portfolio: it is there you will find his

last writing, and if you wish a clue to his identity you will doubtless find it there," said Humi.

The portfolio was emptied, and in a pocket at one side was found a thin book filled with fine writing. The portion which was an ordinary diary of passing events was written in English, while portions pertaining to his occult studies were written in Coptic, Hebrew or Latin as the mood seemed to seize him. His views on passing events were unique.

July, '61.—The war may seem a clash of interests between rival portions of a continent, but in reality it is a war of principles. These Southern people by slavery were forced into acceptance of an aristocracy by the necessity and habit of rule. The Northern people were made practical and liberty-loving by an enforced equality of toil. The age and tendency of ideas will give victory to the principle of well-paid and ennobled toil, while the principle of class distinctions belongs with the tinsel crowns and ivory thrones of an effete aristocracy and must go down to dust.

September, '61.—Whether under the guillotine or the spears and scythes of the Kentish bondmen, or the grape and canister of Manassas or Big Bethel, I perceive that the price of blood must be paid.

November, '61.—As well might the leaven in the measure of meal ask if the loaf will be worth the heat of the fermentation as for men to ask if the colored race be worth the sacrifice. The idea of liberty must produce its fruit regardless of cost.

November, '61.—Paine asked me once if I thought his expression, afterward used in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are "born free and equal," was too comprehensive. I told him it was prophetic, and that whatever should be, some time would be.

Humi looked at me with a smile and said:

"You thought him a young man, and he was; but he had stood with Paine and watched the tumults in Paris."

December, '61.—A doubt has clung to me all through life. It may be that the so-called supernatural phenomena I base my eternal hopes upon are only natural laws which more acute minds have utilized. I seem to get into a realm above my fellows, but I am as far away from God as ever. Query, has the use of steam or electricity made us any holier or better?—and yet these things would have been miracles to men of old. I must think of this.

"Read that again, please," said Humi, while a look of anger made his eyes sparkle. He listened intently and then allowed them to go on.

January, '62.—I find the highest types of human self-sacrifice and patriotism among those of the simplest faith. The morals of the Nazarene, combined with his inspiring hope, have lifted every people they have touched, while the secret teachings of the adepts have left a world to writhe and sink into animalism, while they have revelled in secret in dreams of bliss. I must study the Christ more.

January, '62.—I have looked upon a coin which this people have minted and it has a new motto, *In God We Trust*. Here are millions who dream of the *Essence* as a person. Am I wiser than a race who thirst for a Father?

Humi sat with his weazened face in his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. His appearance was startling, ghoulish and terrible. The flickering light of the fire seemed to bring changing tints from his eyes as light does from diamonds.

"Go on," he said in a low tone.

"This next entry in the diary is in a language I do not understand," said the lawyer, handing the book to Humi.

"It is Hebrew," said Humi, as he scanned the few sentences. Then he hissed in a tone of concentrated anger:

"This master was turning pupil, and weakened for a time—that is all. The entry is of no importance. It is of an experience understood only by those in the inner circle of influence."

Then the lawyer took the diary and said: "Perhaps we had better only read that which is in English. This he must have intended for whoever opened the knapsack to read, or he would have concealed it in a more difficult tongue."

July, '62.—On the long march to Louisville, Ky. What a vast country! Here is the stupendous arena lapped by oceans and cradled in mountain ranges that frame a world, where all ideas that interest man shall be fought out. Sifted from the fingers of God, here shall be mingled the Hebrew, the follower of Confucius, the student of Mahomet, the trustful worshipper of Christ, and the dry, dull student of science with his dust-pan and scales, and here shall be fought out the last battle of faith and immortality. A bubble of truth, a cream of morality, a flower of hope shall bloom above this seething mass of thought. Oh, that I might live to see this consummation. I will think of this.

September, '62.—I have arisen and am writing by the fitful glare of the camp fire. I could not sleep on my damp bed of mud beside the highway, though I have wrapped myself in my blanket before this and slept

upon the steppes of Siberia, or covered my face from the baleful moon of Egypt and slept beside the pyramids. What a life! Who that is curious as to wonders of history and reads and reads again the weird stories of a prisoner whose silence opened in query the mouths of all Europe, would read in this pale face the history of an usurped throne? Shall I obliterate this sentence? No, let someone know that what I may have been is as nothing to what I am now. A lover of my kind, an earnest seeker after truth, a soldier of principle, a lover of God. I will try to sleep again.

The lawyer looked up to Humi, and he smiled and said:

"You see, you have not found your protégé of the poetic and vagrant temperament. I have known who Cadogan was for some time. Go on with the diary, but skip all until you come to '63, the year of his death."

The lawyer turned the leaves until he came to:

May, '63.—I cannot endure this physical suffering. I find that my refining process has made me so susceptible of pain that I shrink from a blow which to ordinary men would be a trifle. To me it is intensest agony. I have stilled every human passion until anger, lust, envy and hate are words with no meaning for me, but I dread bodily pain.

May, '63.—In my eastern studies I learned and practiced a secret which shall now be my friend. I will give to Campbell, the great, true-hearted comrade, a letter, and in it shall be a formula to be followed. Six months after my decease he shall open it. The General shall also have a hint of my intention. Let me think this over.

May, '63.—A human love nearly turned me from my purpose. It was my last temptation. I shall now die. I will leave to Campbell in his letter and in my parting words directions as to the disposal of my body. A few sweet, pure natures will mourn the wanderer's doom.

"What became of this Campbell?" asked Humi, in an excited voice.

"He died at Chickamauga. Sam, a colored man, attempted to bring the letter to us, but it was taken away and burned," said Mallon.

"And the General he speaks of, where is he?" screamed Humi.

"Dead also," said Mallon, solemnly.

"Is there another entry in the diary?" asked Humi, reaching after it with a trembling hand.

"Yes," he screamed, "here it is in Coptic, addressed to any Brother. It is the *puranayann*, it is the Persian *habs i dome*."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mallon.

"*I mean that Cadogan was buried alive*," said Humi, in a shriek, "and those who held the secret died and he was never taken out and resuscitated."

"Thank God! I was not a murderer, then," said a fervent voice, and the blind Captain was on his knees before the hearth, where the fire burned low, and his hands were clasped. The first faint light of day was coming in at the east window, and we sat pale and thoughtful from our night of watching. At last Mallon said, faint and low,

"And how long would he live thus?"

"Who knows? It may be the greatest triumph of theosophy the world has ever seen. Here in America may be manifested the triumph of our arts. Cadogan

was a Fakeer of the highest rank in the East. Bake me instantly a cake of wheaten flour! Get me melted butter and wine and lamps, and lead me to his tomb. See, it is daylight! Hasten! Seven years—alas! I am afraid it is too long. This, then, is the reason that the Brotherhood heard nothing from his spirit. Hasten! let us find his tomb,” said Humi, as he dressed himself for contact with the morning air.

CHAPTER XXII.

IS HE ALIVE?

THE sun was just lighting up the east as we left the house and hurried to the grotto. Yellow, shrivelled leaves of the autumn time, now damp with the dews of night, made a noiseless and beautiful carpet beneath our feet. The air had that vital life-giving sense in it which we often note in those favored temperate zones, every breath we inhale seeming to carry a new power to the lungs and a new vigor to the limbs, while the chest expands as if filling and feeding to repletion on the unseen but invigorating food of clean, pure air. On such a morning life becomes a priceless boon, and a new meaning comes into the old Mosaic words, “and he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul.”

In the party visiting the tomb was the venerable form of Hugh Mallon, and the three strangers followed close behind. I followed behind all the rest, with but little interest in the proceedings of the three strangers. I had never given much attention to psychological studies, and the airy and mysterious teach-

ings which occupied the attention of pseudo-religionists I had cast aside as unworthy of notice. Religion to me meant only a life bounded and controlled by maxims and creeds, which were sufficient to form excellent characters in those I had loved, and I inherited my religion when I did my name and my modest patrimony. I had heard of infidels and skeptics, and I never knew one personally, but classed them all together as active leaders among the dangerous classes. When men spoke of the church I took it for granted that they meant the organization known as the Presbyterians. Other religious societies were not churches, they were "isms." I did not know then that there was a great seething sea of honest thought without bounds and without charts. I floated my little argosy of faith on a safe mill pond, where there was no room for tidal waves or equinoctial storms. Had I been a thinker I might have told this story better, but I dare say a stenographer can report a speech on the commercial relations of the civilized world when he does not know a protocol from an impost. So I have told the story and shall tell it. I am aware that a scene was enacted here in this little valley at this grotto which I do not understand. If there was trickery or deception I am not deep enough to unravel it. If I use the wrong words, it is because I am a surveyor and not a linguist. If I fail to describe emotions and actions in a graphic manner, it is because my profession had caused me to drive grade stakes on the profile of a route for a railway rather than to map a history of a human tragedy. You will understand, then, that the most marvelous events of a century should not be discredited because of the failure of the narrator, but rather the simplicity of

my story should win your credulity by its rude, blunt method.

I am sure that the iron door of the grotto had not been opened for seven years. The key which Mr. Mallon produced had been hanging on the wall ever since it had been used to close the iron door. The lock had rusted into its position against the hasp so that the oxidized mass had to be broken with a hammer. About the floor outside the grated door were souvenirs of love in the form of faded and decaying wreaths and bouquets, left by loving maidens and swains. When the key was applied to the lock it was found that the functions of spring and mechanism were ruined and that the lock must be broken loose; which was done, and the tomb was entered. When the door was turned back the morning light shone into the little cave and lighted it up with sufficient radiance to make everything perceptible.

On the dais of square stone in the centre of the cave were two objects. One had the suggestive form which is easily recognizable. In the folds of faded cloth we knew reposed all that remained on earth of one of our race.

The other object at its side was huddled up in a rude bunch, suggestive of a human form crouched together as if sitting with its arms about its knees and head reposing on its breast. Mallon spoke in a whisper,

"The one on the right is Cadogan. The form on the left is that of the lady who died, broken-hearted, when he died."

Humi, the adept, took the lead in all the rest of the curious proceedings in the tomb.

With a gentle hand he opened the cerements of

the girl and turned them back. Time and kindly nature had done their work. Only the frame of the once beautiful form remained. The glorious tresses of hair, grown to an enormous length, lay in shiny folds on the stone. Humi refolded the shrouding cloths and then turned his face to the east, muttered some soft gutturals in an unknown tongue and bowed three times. Then he eagerly turned to the crouched form of Cadogan and rapidly cut the stitches of the rough covering. When the coarse woolen blanket of the soldier was cut loose and cast aside he came to the rubber *poncho* of the infantry. He examined it carefully, and when he discovered its material he looked up and smiled, and said:

“Good ; it was very wise. It was used to prevent evaporation. Think once!—in time he would be desiccated like wood.”

As if encouraged by this discovery he turned and hurriedly tore away the covering of rubber and came to a white linen covering saturated with oil. He looked up and smiled again, remarking:

“It is the *puranayann*. Had this tomb been opened as he expected, Cadogan would have been found alive—but seven years! It is beyond our art.”

At last the shrouding linen was laid aside, and we all crowded forward to look upon the face of the dead. Mallon took one look and said, with a sigh:

“*It is not Cadogan.*”

Humi stood with folded arms and sneeringly said:

“You judge too quickly. You forget that seven years have elapsed. You expected to see the youthful features of the young soldier. I told you that our art concealed an art. We arrest the decays of life, but in the tomb outraged time and cheated

nature assert themselves again. What do you see? A head of long snow-white hair. A patriarchal beard, white as snow. I told you that this man had been known to the Brotherhood for seventy years. In his diary he hints at events occurring in another century. *It is Cadogan.*"

Humi stepped forward and peered into the face of the dead. It was very strange. There was no decay. The flesh was attenuated and shrunken and the eyes had receded into the skull, but there was no evidence of decay.

Humi lifted one eyelid and looked long and closely at the eyeball. It was without expression and turned upward. He touched the flesh of the arm and it retained the impression like wax.

"Too late," he sighed; "but once it would have shamed any feat of the greatest Fakeer of the East."

Long he gazed at the naked, crouching and statue-like form, and then he muttered fiercely to himself and drew from his pocket a sharp instrument and began cutting off the hair from the top of the head of the inanimate man. When he had shaved it smooth he put his instrument in his pocket and laid his cheek against the head. For a time there was silence at this mad and sacrilegious act, but we were about to demand that the corpse be again covered and the tomb sealed forever when we saw a change taking place in the features of Humi. His eyes gleamed like diamonds, a smile broke over his dark features like sunshine, and he spoke in a tone of joy.

"Run, bring from the house the warm wheaten cake and the melted butter. Bring also the little bag of leather I brought with me last night; bring also hot water in abundance."

Then he turned to the cold form of Cadogan, and spreading the blankets on the ground took up the dead as if he were a child and laid him on the blankets.

When we came back with our loads of articles for which we were sent, we found Humi kneeling beside Cadogan and chafing his arms rapidly. He took the melted butter from my hand, and setting it down at his side, took a knife and inserting it between the teeth of the corpse pried apart the jaws. Then he inserted his finger and drew out the tongue, and asked me to hold it. I remember that it was stiff and had a tendency to turn back into the throat. I had to use some force to retain it in my grasp. Then Humi poured the melted butter into the open mouth and forced it down the throat. I observed these operations with great curiosity and the rest stood spellbound. He next took the warm wheaten cake and laid it against the bare head. These operations complete, he took the warm water and began bathing the limbs and seeking to make the joints flexible by rubbing and bending them.

As sure as I am a living man I saw the hue of life begin to come into the cold flesh. I turned and peered into the face. The eyeballs were enlarging and filling the sockets of the eyes. At last the rigid limbs became pliable, and the form was straightened out upon the blankets. Humi kept muttering in his outlandish tongue, and occasionally said in English:

“Seven years! It is the triumph of the eastern philosophy. He will be the king among the Brotherhood. *Seven years! Seven years!*”

At last he laid his cheek upon the breast of Cadogan above the heart and listened long and intently.

Then he arose with a scream of joy, ran to his leathern gripsack, and taking a vial from it came and dropped a few drops of a crimson liquid into Cadogan's open mouth. In my excitement I may have exaggerated some circumstances, but it seemed to me that I heard a crackling sound in Cadogan's frame as of a fire devouring brushwood. I know, at any rate, that I heard a great gasp and that the chest of the dead moved in exhalation and then in a great inspiration, and Cadogan began to breathe.

Hastily Humi commenced to wrap the resurrected in his blankets, to generate heat. Hastily he turned a few more drops of the melted butter into the open mouth, and then he said to us:

"It is over, and you saw it. You can tell all men that the secrets of life are with us. Behold me, I am the Mahatma of the inner circle. You have seen what the world has longed for, what sages have dreamed of. You can swear it is true. See, our brother opens his eyes. What is it, my brother? Can you speak?"

And he leaned over and placed his ear at the mouth of the resurrected. We heard a mumbled sentence, and the Mahatma Humi said:

"He says I have been long on the road. He was weary waiting."

"True, my brother, but your comrade died, and your letter was never read. The General, your neophyte, was assassinated. You did not dream of this. But I found your knapsack. I read your words, and I am here. It is enough; sleep now, and rise up to tell all men the triumph of our cult."

Cadogan said in a sepulchral tone:

"When I sleep again, it will be my last sleep. Give

me more of the red celestial cordial in your vial and let me speak, for my journey is over. I have much to say."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HE SPEAKS.

WHEN these operations were completed it was nearly noon, and the warm sunlight was flooding the open door of the grotto, and making it light within. Lucy Mallon had heard of the incredible events of the morning, and had come to look once more on the face she had never expected to see again. Sam Johnson had entrusted the mail wagon and famous mules to a subaltern, and stood, hat in hand, at the open door beside Lucy. It was worthy of remark that Cadogan saw the face of the colored man and made a motion for him to approach. Sam grinned a ghastly smile, and said as he backed away:

"Dass wa—wa—wat I said. Dis chile ain' one ob dem niggers dat intrudes hissself on de privacy ob a gen'leman. Ef you's got any important message yo' kin sen' me word on a postal kyard: I runs de mail."

Cadogan bared his breast and pointed to the blue wound Sam had covered with a bandage seven years before.

"De maak is all right, Mr. Cadogan, an' I takes yer word, but yo' bin raisin' a par ob whiskers dat gits me. I spec' it all come fum dat voodoo bizness. Dey ain' no rabbit's foot gwine to git away wid Miss Myra's conjurin' I tell yo'," said Sam, as he still backed away.

Lucy shuddered as she contemplated the strange

being who had had such a powerful influence on her life. With a woman's rapidity of thought she comprehended that the circumstances which had colored her whole life were but an episode in the life of this remarkable man whose life spanned an age, and whose deductions came from the study of a race and not from acquaintance with one or more individuals. A smile involuntarily moved her lips as she thought of her absorbing love—but this changed to a look of reverence as she studied the august features of the seer. His wan lips were wreathed in a smile as he said in a feeble tone:

“My friend, my comrade.”

He sat propped up on a bundle of the wrappings with his face turned to the sunlight, and we all stood in front of him. Humi stood immediately in his front with folded arms and a studious and puzzled look on his dark face. There was something in the conduct of Cadogan he did not understand, and yet recognizing him as his superior he waited to see what course he would take as to his resurrection.

Cadogan began speaking in a low tremulous tone, but as he went on his long unused faculties worked more smoothly, and he talked at times rapidly and in a loud fierce tone. He said:

“I wish first to say that my apparent death was voluntary. Captain Woodson was not responsible for my death.”

A sigh of satisfaction was heard, and the blind officer moved up closer to the speaker. He went on:

“This submission to death and burial had long been contemplated by me as a final step in my studies of a lifetime in the occult and mysterious. The terrible sufferings, both mental and physical, to which I had

been subjected, made me hasten the time of my experiment in burial and resurrection. By this expedient I could escape the torments I dreaded, and end my experiences in the military life which had become odious to me. I did not contemplate the terrible consequences to those who loved me and whom I loved in return, or I should not have then plunged into the vortex of death. I allude to the fair and heroic woman who sleeps beside me here."

A shudder shook his weak frame, but he resumed:

"The means I employed to simulate death are known to all who have made a study of the curious arts of eastern sages. I need not tell of them here. It is enough to know that I was successful—in fact, a case like mine is unparalleled in history. I attribute the vitality which bore me through this test alive to my lifelong regimen of abstinence, and a peculiar condition of vital functions I had induced by my habits. But the statement I wish to make will be more incredible than any I have hinted at. But first, how long have I lain here?"

"This is the autumn of 1870," said Mallon in a low voice.

"Seven years," said Cadogan. "*Then I have lain in a living grave, in a perfectly conscious state, seven years.*"

A shudder of incredulity went through the little group, and they moved a step backward. Cadogan said:

"You are horror-stricken at an evil so vast and terrible that you can hardly give it lodgement in your minds. I, a living man, have here followed in imagination the processes of decay in her I loved here at my side. *Simulated death consists in a conscious control of the faculties—not in insensibility.* Schoolboys are

frightened at a vivid portraiture of a literal hell. The capacity man has for suffering lies as far beyond the painted flames of hell as space lies beyond our little planetary system. I have been a brother to the worm and a companion of the vampire bat for seven years. Seven springs have come with herald songsters and bursting buds, but they have brought no new hopes to me. Summers have waxed and waned and men have lounged beneath the shade of trees and railed at the slow flight of odorous, free and happy hours, and I have lain a frozen, conscious sufferer through seven such summers, each an age in length. Autumn has come and the yellow leaves have sifted down on my couch, and low wailing winds have told me of another summer gone. In imagination I have stood in harvest fields and toiled until I fainted, and I sang pæans of joy for the privilege of toiling in the sunlight I thought I should never see again. Winter wailed about my cave, and I thought of warm firesides and human companionship and friendly greetings, and good nights spoken at chamber doors and shouted hails of neighbors in the frosty morning air. Listen. I prayed for a real death as men pray for choicest gifts of Heaven. I longed for unconsciousness as dying travellers on Sahara dream of brooks with white pebbles and gleaming minnows. Then I heard steps ring on the stone portal, and I tried to break the icy sleep and call out, but I was in an eternity of nightmare, a hell of silence, a cycle of weary, delirious dreams."

He gasped and fell back upon his couch. The Mahatma sprung to his side and dropped into the open mouth of Cadogan a tiny crimson stream from the vial in his hand, and he resumed in a lower tone of voice.

"I must hasten, and I must put in as few and as plain words as possible the message I wish you to hear. I have told you the motives for my burial and my strange experience in the tomb. I will tell you now of my life and its failure."

"Failure?" repeated the Mahatma, with a sneer.

"Yes, failure," answered Cadogan. "I am speaking as in the presence of God, and I am now on the threshold of eternity. Of my birth and lineage I dare not speak; I am under an oath. Of my age I need only say I have lived through three dynasties in Europe, and have seen three republics born. That is as near to the date of my birth as I dare to come in justice to others. My life has been unique in that I have sought to pierce the clouds that encircle the throne of Deity. I wished to get into the white light of eternity while still on earth. My plan was to prolong life until I had studied and become proficient in all the religions of earth. Then from the mass I would evolve the secret of God. Was it a strange idea? behold my end. My life was sacrificed to this idea. I saw men basking in the smiles of women and their natures unfolding in the warmth of love. To me it was only the spur which nature had put upon the heel of pleasure to drive us to the procreation of a race. I saw babes fondled on the lap of maternity or dandled on the knee of paternity, and my morbid nature saw no more in it than the leapings of cubs about their dam. In fact I dared let no inferior affection draw me from a contemplation of my problem. Fool, I had left the feast, to starve in a contemplation of a mirage. I was a madman, doing a vast business with pebbles for coin, while shrewder men took the world's wealth and bloomed and enjoyed as

naturally as flowers. From the hint of a God in the hewed timber with eyes of red clay, up to the echoing aisles of a cathedral with its pictured faces, I was after the inner secret of man's immortality. From the raving, ignorant spiritist giving scandal to the inhabitants of another sphere by calling his inane babblings their messages, to the theosophist with his hints of an upper realm and secret force, I sought and pondered their words, and I weighed carefully every idea presented.

"I peered into the cell of the monastic recluse and listened to his scourge and prayer. Long years I sat at the feet of the occult student and found every word that had a meaning in the transmitted knowledge of the ages. My life has been a failure."

"A failure?" again hissed Humi.

"Yes, a failure," said Cadogan. "I was only a greater fool because more persistent and better equipped. What has been the curse of man—is it not the search for the supernatural? What has built martyr fires and furnished fagots for the burning of witches? What has made the miracle the weapon of the church and the excuse for tyranny? What in modern times has been the recruiting station of the insane asylum but this cursed longing for something incomprehensible? The spiritists—the cures by faith, the healer by Christian science. *There is nothing supernatural, nor ever was.*"

The Mahatma stooped and peered into Cadogan's face, and then muttered a warning in a strange language. Cadogan said:

"Do not fear—I remember my oath; but I must tell my message more hastily. I am growing weak again. What is supernatural? Something we do not *now*

comprehend. Here is a mist all over the valley. You are strangers here but I am at home. As we stand amid the mist, I say, yonder is a mountain, over there is a forest, and just beyond rolls a river.

"You wait and watch and soon the mist rises and you see the mountain I describe, and the forest and the river. Was there a miracle there? No, but I had seen them and you had not until the mist arose. The miracle of to-day becomes the toy of the school boy to-morrow. What the Indian feared as God becomes the lighter of lamps and the ringer of bells for man a few years later. To Franklin a discovery, to us a useful force. What is the miracle? Something above natural laws. Then in that sense there is no miracle nor ever was, for nothing can be above natural laws. God is natural law; what can be above God? I have been a theosophist. You ask me of my own mysterious acts. Well, the theosophist uses more of the laws of nature than another man, that is all. See, in one age the natives of an island eat the fruit of a tree. The white man comes and finds a fortune in the wood of the tree a few years later, and another finds fibre for paper in its leaves, and so God's laws are revealed."

"Where then, is truth?" asked Hugh Mallon.

Cadogan bowed his head and said:

"In the Son of God—in the Son of Mary. *In Him was the life and the life was the light of men. He was the true light.*"

"Traitor—Coward!" screamed the Mahatma, pointing his finger.

"Wait," said Cadogan, raising his hand. "What we call miracle and what may have occurred in the life of the Nazarene was what perfected man may yet

do. Abide in him. Study that morality which was the life force of the religion of Christ. Love and be loved; gather children like olive plants at your table, and let no *ignis fatuus* draw you into the pursuit of dreams and visions. Oh, wasted life, I leave thee behind. I pierce the future only with a thought. I am a planet erratic in its course, scorning the orbit where it might have swung through its little circle in freedom, joy and light, and plunging in its ambitious flight into the absorbing furnace fires of its central sun, and being quenched forever. Wait; I will tear aside the gaudy curtains which bedeck the shrine of our mystic craft and show you the living lie of our priesthood. Theosophy is also a fraud, and I will tell you ere I die its most precious secret."

His voice was a scream; his long meagre arm was lifted in denunciation, and his bird-like talons clutched at the air: his face working in the madness of a thwarted and deceived search and the disgust of an exposed fraud.

The Mahatma knelt down, and in a serpentine crawl approached his couch.

"Master!" he cried, "be silent."

"I will not, Humi," cried Cadogan. "I see behind me the wasted years, the nights of study, the weariness of deprivation, and the world shall know that the simple faith of the child which the Nazarene set in their midst brings more peace than all the wisdom of men. Leave me, Humi."

"The Master is weary," said the dark Mahatma, and he put his hand upon his breast and pressed him back upon his couch. The great soul then left the frail body in reality. A gasp heaved the breast twice, the limbs quivered, the hands crossed the breast and

Cadogan was dead. In a moment after he had ceased to breathe every indication of decay had commenced. It was horrible. We looked up and the East Indian was gone. We ran to the door of the grotto and could see no one in any direction resembling him. We came back and stood in a group looking down upon the dead. A single spot of blood upon the white shroud attracted the attention of the English lawyer. He stooped over and looked more closely at the breast of Cadogan. He turned back the shroud and saw something gleaming on the left breast. With a gentle touch he drew out a long needle of gold which had, with a firm strong hand, been driven through Cadogan's heart. He never told the secrets of his occult school, and the Mahatma Humi, search as we would, was never seen again in America.

CHAPTER XXIV.

END.

“THIS is a beautiful world.” I was speaking to Lucy Mallon, who stood at my side in the open door of the farmhouse. It was a late autumn day, when all the beauty of expiring summer seemed to be compressed into one royal day of beauty before its abdication and the coronation of winter. Such a day is like a parting kiss of young love. All the meaning of a hundred caresses is manifested in this last embrace. A white mist was rising from the Harpeth river and curtaining the edge of the forest below us. The shrill call of the blue jay came with a sort of disturbing mockery on the beautiful scene.

Down on the smooth white pike the heavy-laden wagons made a musical echo against the woods. From the cornfield on the hillside came the sweet, mellow baritone of a negro at his morning toil.

"This is a beautiful world," I said.

"Yes," said Lucy, pressing more closely to my side and looking up in my face; "and I have been reading the books Cadogan gave me. One of them, written by an English sage, has something to say about man's happiness depending on his adjustment to his environment. Does it not seem to you, dear, that man, in his eager search for hidden knowledge, gets away from his environment, and instead of hanging like a star, supported by mutual attractions, plunges into darkness and despair? Hence the insanity, the suicide, the terror and stress of modern life."

"You are right, darling," I said. "Would to God we might, as a race, measure our capabilities and curb our desires so as to live as simply and sweetly as the antediluvians of whom we read. Tents and flocks and morning and evening prayers and simple food and long life."

"I think I understand you," said Lucy. "I have brooded over the dark sayings and subtle reasonings of Cadogan until life became a curse instead of a blessing; but I am a real woman, I find, and in your love and care I find the present so happy that I shall not search the future for its meaning," and her arms encircled me in a loving embrace.

"And I shall be satisfied with my environment while wrapped in your arms," and I bent and kissed the full, red lips and pressed the rare, womanly form to my breast.

"If you are going to the station in the conveyance

of Sam Johnson you will have to hurry and get on your wraps," said the cheery voice of old Hugh Mallon behind us.

Sure enough, Sam was turning into the yard from the pike. Sam was getting very fat, and stories had been told of his sleeping on the seat of his wagon and the mules arriving at the station, turning up to the platform and then backing the wagon up against the steps with such force as to hurl the sleeping driver off his seat backward, to the intense amusement of the boys and passengers.

"Good morning, Sam," I said. "We are off for a trip to the North and then we shall settle down here in old Tennessee. No one could take us to the depot but you, Sam."

"Much 'bleeged, boss, an' I wish yo' much joy an' a long life an' a large fambly; but yo' tell Miss Lucy to hurry up er de post office will be late."

"Here she comes," and radiant in her imposing beauty and dressed for an introduction to my Northern friends, the pure, sweet lily I have plucked in the South comes forth. A kiss for old Mr. Mallon, who stands leaning on his staff, and then she touches her cheek with her handkerchief to dry a falling tear. A spring into the waiting wagon and we are off.

Only for a time, though. I have bought an interest in some of the great factories now rearing in Nashville of the new South. I have a home in the new Nashville, with its clanging bells and roaring steam and screaming trains. I shall soon be back in the centre of these new interests and Lucy will have a home for her father.

"Stop at the cave, Sam."

Sam nodded his head affirmatively and we pulled

out into the road. I wished to keep up the conversation, and said:

"Sam, are you trying to get a pension or bounty? I see that a new law entitles the colored troops to come in for equal honors and emoluments."

"Wat's dat lass word you said, boss?"

"Emoluments, perquisites, rights," I said.

"Now you's a shoutin', boss, I got 'um, all ob dem 'moluments, I's de free'st nigger yo' ebber seed."

"But, Sam, if you were wounded or injured in the war you can also get a pension."

Sam reached out and flicked the off mule so that his attention was secured for several minutes, as was evinced by his active tail and expressive ears; then Sam said in a thoughtful tone:

"Dat's whar I made a turble mistake."

"What do you mean, what mistake, Sam?"

"I done forgot to be swored into de army."

"Forgot to be sworn in!" I repeated.

"Dass wat I said; I jess hung aroun' like a wart on a gum tree, un fout un fout fur de Union an' save de declaration ob de Nunited States an' fo'got to swar in."

I saw instantly the ridiculous fact that Sam had never been in the army, except as a camp follower, and was occupying his enviable position of hero among his followers only on sufferance.

"Heah we is at de cave, sah."

Preparations are being made for sealing it forever. Workmen are walling up the door. An iron plate containing the names of the occupants is to be embedded in the stone. But first we are to consign to the tomb all that links our lives to the past. We lift a package from the wagon and look silently upon it.

Lucy's eyes have in them a mist, but mine are clear; I feel that a dark mysterious influence is now to be taken out of the life of one I love. It is a knapsack we are to place in the tomb beside the form of him who bore it. The weary feet are still now, and the pain and turmoil no longer mar the face of him who wondered so long at the mystery of life. The gentle heart, broken with the woes of men, no longer throbs at the woes of life. In the life he now lives he has found the secret earth could not reveal. Was he wise in his search? God knows. Was it heroic to shun all earth's allurements in the search of spiritual truths? God knoweth. I lay the knapsack at his side while the workmen stand with bared and bowed heads. So shall all our burdens sometime lie beside us, unnoticed, perishing as our bodies. The outer sunlight woos us. We remember the pleasures God has spread for us. We spring into our seats and turn to the realities of life, leaving the dreams and reveries, the madness and delirium in the shadow of the grave where we leave Cadogan's knapsack.

THE END.

JUDGE'S NOVELS.

The Latest and Best Works of
Fiction.

"NAPOLEON SMITH."

(Fourth edition). By W. J. ARKELL and A. T. WORDEN.
Price, 25 cents.

"Napoleon Smith," a novel by a well-known New Yorker, is published by the Judge publishing company. Its first edition of 50,000, which is unparalleled in the publishing trade, is fully warranted by the plot of the story. The author has made quite as much of a hit in popular interest as Rider Haggard ever has done, and there is no one who reads it who will not be so entertained as to ask all his friends to read it. It is remarkably well conceived and is handled with skill.—*Boston Globe.*

"STAR-CROSSED: The Life and Love of an Actress."

By AN ACTRESS. Price, 50 cents.

A remarkably interesting story. Intensely original in style and full of startling incident. The author is a well-known actress of the American stage, and has written the book in a charmingly refreshing, vigorous and entertaining manner.

"LADY CAR: The Sequel of a Life."

By MRS. OLIPHANT. Price, 25 cents.

The latest story from the pen of this entertaining writer. The only authorized American edition.

"JACK OF HEARTS: A Story of Bohemia."

By H. T. JOHNSON. Price, 25 cents.

A delightful romance of English life.

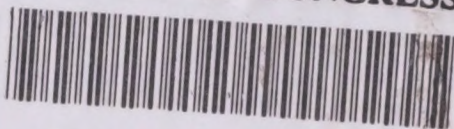
All the above books are to be obtained of booksellers and newsdealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

Judge Building, cor. Fifth Ave. and 16th St.,

NEW YORK.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022358108